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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVI No. 1914 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — SEPT. 26 1936

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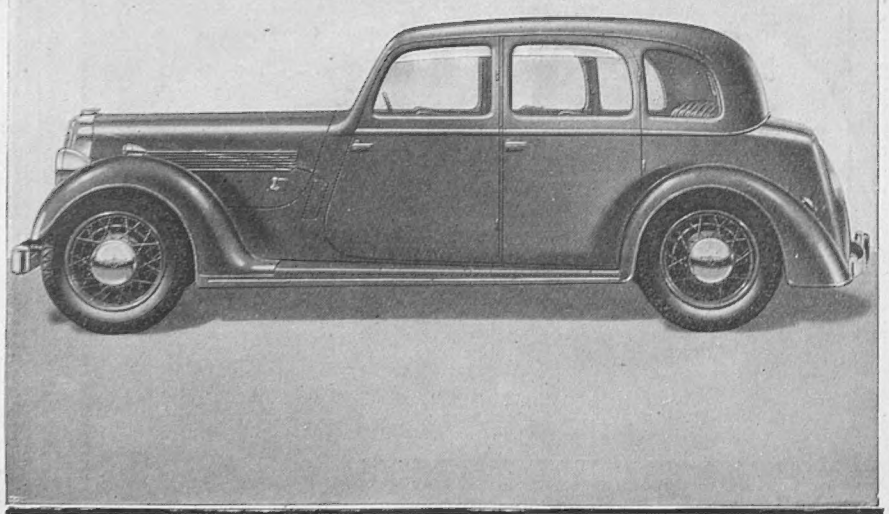

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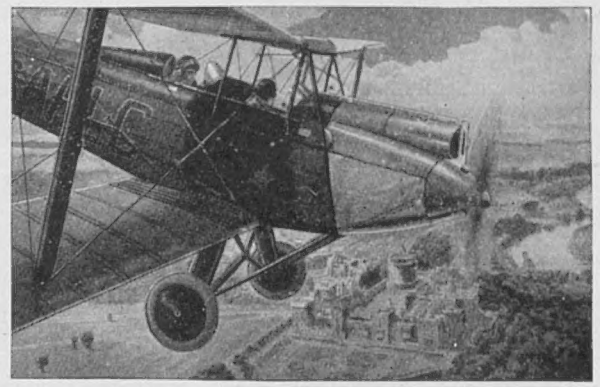

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 26, 1936

The King Goes to Balmoral

His Majesty Accompanied by the Duke of York As He Inspected the Guard of Honour of Gordon Highlanders at Ballater Station

The King could not have had a warmer welcome than that accorded him on his journey northward to Balmoral for the first visit since his accession. Enthusiastic crowds gathered to greet him at Aberdeen, and at Ballater it seemed that practically the whole population had turned out for the occasion. During his stay on Deeside, which is expected to last until the end of this month, His Majesty is entertaining a few personal friends including the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Colin Buist, and the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, while the Duke and Duchess of Kent have also joined him, and the Duke and Duchess of York are at neighbouring Birkhall. Since his arrival the King has been out on the moors on several occasions, spending the whole of one day on the Glen Callater Hills and covering many miles of rough country; but he prefers to stalk with a camera rather than a rifle, and most of the shooting has been done by his brothers. With the new reign quite a number of changes are likely to take place at the castle, and already the Balmoral pipers have been instructed to substitute for the Royal Stuart the more appropriate if less colourful Balmoral tartan, which the King is seen wearing in the above picture. Internal improvements are also to be made, as this Royal residence, built in the 50s of last century, is still lacking in some of the comforts and amenities of modern life

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BOUND FOR INDIAN SERVICE: Men of the 3rd Carabiniers, stationed at Hounslow Barracks, marching across the square for a full kit and general inspection prior to their departure. *On left*—Colonel J. V. R. Jackson carrying out the inspection

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, September 23, 1936.

THE KING COMES HOME.

—If any living man may be said to live twenty-four hours a day, it is the King. When, because of the Spanish refugee difficulty, his holiday at Cannes was suddenly cancelled, the chartering of Lady Yule's *Nahlin* was hastily arranged and the cruise was left to be settled from day to day. But order came out of vagueness and the King has clearly combined business with pleasure. We have heard of him rowing, bathing, dancing, and golfing. We have seen him inspecting warships, factories, museums, and housing estates. He has seen what Kemal has made of Turkey, and Schuschnigg of Austria. He has conferred with Balkan kings and statesmen, and seen what is old and new in Greece. He has derived pleasure and knowledge from Albania, and found time to secure medical treatment for himself from a world-famous ear specialist in Vienna. Wherever he passed in troubled Europe, he passed in perfect safety, the idol of the crowds in scores of European and Near Eastern cities. In a word, a go-as-you-please holiday turned itself into an elaborately organised embassy of goodwill and a tour of inspection. And before going north the King found time to go round more than one industrial exhibition in London. It must ever be thus with men whose interest in life and sympathy for humanity are the ruling attributes of character. The King is known to have a royal memory. Perhaps his mind is the elaborate pigeon-holed cabinet that was Macaulay's. If that be so, he must to-day be a crowned and walking encyclopædia of human knowledge, a text book containing the sum of human experience. And now, when most of those who went North for a holiday, have finished with Scotland, when the best of the grouse driving is over and the stalking season in full swing, the Royal Family has collected on Dee-side. The Braemar season falls late. The Duke and Duchess of York and of Gloucester have been settled there for some time, the King and the Duke and Duchess of Kent now join them. The King will no doubt drive grouse though big bags are no longer to be expected when the birds are packing and come over the butts in hundreds instead of in coveys. But he is more interested in stalking than shooting with a scatter gun and is likely to be out most days on the hills with his rifle or camera. Scotland has had a prosperous season and the late visit of the King to Balmoral will prolong it still further, though the schoolboys have gone back to their books, and the Northern Meeting is danced out.

SEEN OFF.

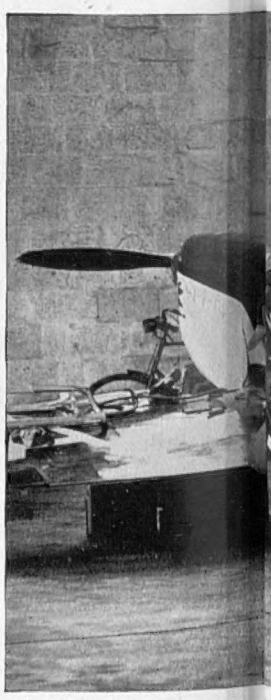
—The B.B.C., which apparently knows what we want before we ask, broadcast for us in a series of confused noises two departures from England last week-end, both very serious and jolly affairs. The bulk of the 3rd Brigade of the 1st Division from Aldershot left England for an unknown destination on active service. And the Test Team left for Australia. Both expeditions are concerned with ashes. The military is to rake out the ashes of rebellion in Palestine, the sporting to bring back the mythological ashes of someone's cricket bat. And both departures were very much to the British public's taste. Cricket perhaps we take rather more seriously than fighting, but we enjoy the romance of a troopship sailing to the seat of war, and revel in the "auld lang syne" business. Having seen off our brave fighters we return to our snug autumn firesides, feeling that there will be plenty of excitement during the long winter evenings. There will be the running commentary from Brisbane on December 4 when the first Test Match begins, and there are sure to be exciting news items from Palestine before long. That is the charm of our present age; there is always a new thrill in the evening paper or the news bulletin! It is our modern equivalent of bread and circuses which keeps the proletariat happy.

POLITICS AND PLEASURE.

—Most people who write to me about the Spanish tragedy end on the same cynical note. They declare that Spaniards have been bloody and cruel for 1,000 years, and that it is a good thing, if kill they must, that they should exterminate each other rather than foreigners. It is different with inanimate things of beauty and works of art. These are international and irreplaceable. No doubt that is true. For some generations, even centuries, foreigners in bulk have not given Spaniards much opportunity for indulging their blood-lust outside Spain. And so with Europe. The great cause of unrest and danger of war is the major issue between Fascism and Communism, and it may be that sane democracy will survive and laugh last through the concentration of these two modern forces on exterminating each other. And with all these terrific political interests convulsing the world, how stimulating and pathetic it is to realise that for the bulk of the populations of Europe and civilisation, the urge for pleasure and innocent diversions is still clamant, still the chief goal in social life. "In the dark ages, men and women cheered their gloomy lives with folk songs and riddles. Always man has been a social, gregarious animal. The herd instinct is ingrained in us. Once we "queued-up" for protection against the beasts. In the peaceful days of the Victorian age, the urge of gregariousness persisted when the need for it was gone. We are in the dark ages once more and still we queue-up, perhaps once more for protection against the beasts which stalk this modern earth. The cinema is our modern punch-and-judy show, the wireless has succeeded the ballad singer, the story-teller, and the folk-song singer. But still as of old we come together for comfort, still as of old "love" and sweet-sucking and gossip, a zest for rivalry in sport and danger, an exchange of what passes for wit, bring us together in a herd. If politics divide us and interest us, a common hunger for recreation brings us together. It is the mole hills of politics which divide, the mountains of entertainment which bring us together. We are all brothers still in the craving for colour and diversion.

GAS-BAGS?

—Supermen or gas-bags? Posterity, reading again the day-to-day pronouncements of the dictators during this volcanic epoch, will perhaps poise their pens and ask themselves: Are we to write these leaders down as supermen on their solid achievements? Or were they largely ranters, gas-bags, publicity wizards, men capable of inflaming hatred in the herd, of keeping at white heat the worst forms of nationalism? All history and all experience show that when a calm, strong man has a dangerous enemy he prefers to defend himself silently, neither taunting nor belittling his opponent. He keeps his mouth shut and strengthens himself without wasting breath. It is left to second-rate prize-fighters and to modern dictators to utter for the Press windy insults concerning their opponents and rivals. "I'll sure bash his face in in the first round;" "he'll go down to the count before my straight left." We are used to these utterances from second-rate boxers and take them as a commercial expedient in their rather dingy trade. And we are all too familiar with the same sort of utterances from Hitler and Mussolini. They hardly seem worthy of great men or of dignified statesmen. One did not greatly admire Ulysses for deriding Polyphemus, and it is difficult to see how the peoples of Germany and Italy stand to benefit by these insults hurled by their leaders at neighbouring nations holding different political views. The clue may lie in the recent remarks which Dr. Goebbels made on modern national propaganda. He suggested that mass propaganda was the essential force



A FAMOUS AIRMAN PASSES: [illegible] Florence Desmond) met [illegible] R.A.F. bomber. The trag[illegible] come to Liverpool air[illegible] the city and was to have[illegible]

in modern dictatorships and that to bend the mass, will to the dictator's ends nothing in that propaganda campaign could be too vulgar, too unjust, or too crude to be employed. Without some such explanation posterity and ourselves must surely write down these dictators as wind-bags rather than wizards.

LORD HORDER'S GOLDEN EPIGRAMS. — They should be printed in broadsheet and distributed free by Government, those wise and golden epigrams on modern life which Lord Horder broadcast to the Physiology section at the end of the B.A. session at Blackpool. He praised and blamed science which by its many inventions had removed many old strains of living and imposed more and more onerous strains. Science had loaded men with benefits but men had shown an indifference to them or a prodigality in their use which was pathetic. The one thing that matters is control. One need not drive a car so fast that it kills, nor make a loudspeaker so loud that it deafens. The remedy lies in going slower. But all industry and all science are still directed towards making us go faster still. We have an Astronomer-Royal but no Psychologist-Royal. Is this a survival from the days when we believed that the stars controlled our destinies? There is little hope for the peoples through mass-movements, Fascist or Communist. The vital thing is the individual's control of his spiritual life. What matters the colour of men's shirts if these are soon to be their shrouds? How these hammer blows hit the nail and drive it home. Now, as ever, the one thing needful is mental and spiritual control by the individual. Serenity of mind and soul which only discipline, deep thinking, wise reading, and some foundation of faith in a divine purpose, can bring; and, bringing, give happiness within. These essentials cannot be achieved by speed, by running away from the bogies of fear, anxiety, and boredom; by noise, by drowning the insistent hammering of external stresses. A wise and controlled use of the gifts of science can make our lives fuller and brighter. But nothing can make the individual self-supporting and self-defensive but self discipline of mind and soul. It is, as Lord Horder said, Liberalism in every sphere of modern life that the world needs. Man, born free, is everywhere in chains, politically, socially, mentally, physically.

SAVING OUR POCKETS. —Sir Robert Johnson and his experts clearly have at heart the protection of the public's pockets. The Mint has submitted to the Treasury a proposal for a new coin; its value 3d.; its size something between a 6d. piece and a 1s.; its metal something entirely new to our coinage, neither of silver, nor copper, nor nickel. The idea is to avoid the use of heavy coppers to some extent. And clearly and literally that avoidance is designed to save our pockets. No man can carry five, let alone eleven, coppers in his pocket without very soon wearing a hole in it, a veritable "quick drop" for small change. "Take care of the pence," the old saw has it. Sir Robert's way of obeying the saw is to eliminate the pence and so save the pocket. A 3d. bit (old style) had many uses and but one disadvantage. It was too small and highly elusive. But it is authorised currency for many time-honoured uses—infants' weekly allowances, church collection bags, and Waifs-and-Strays' collection boxes (or National Trust collection boxes). Canon Eyton, in his great days at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street (or another divine) was credited with some famous stings and flings from the pulpit anent Church collections. One: "The collection last Sunday amounted to £11 13s., eighteen 6ds, twenty-one 3ds, and two trouser-buttons." Another: "There is a type of worshipper who, while singing from his heart 'Were the whole realm of Nature mine, that were an offering far too small,' searches in his pocket for a 3d. piece to put into the bag in lieu of a 6d. piece." Now the new coin will give a far more satisfactory noise when it drops into bag or plate than did the old 3d. In that regard, the Church may not welcome the innovation. But our infants (who care more for the appearance than for the value of money) will be both satisfied and deceived. Many a father will rejoice. The problem of "children's allowances" will be most admirably and economically settled.

NOT ASLEEP.—Some critics of Mr. Baldwin believe that he is dead and that the fact is being concealed from the public for political reasons. Others hold that he is not dead but sleepeth. But evidences flow in slowly and deviously that the Government is alive and taking notice and indeed taking precautions. I believe the great disappointment is the extraordinary reluctance shown by suitable young men to join the colours. Many people blame Dick Sheppard for this. They declare that his peace campaign is seriously affecting recruiting. Which was I suppose his objective. But no doubt he must not shoulder all the blame. There are other factors and other propagandists (such as Beverley Nichols) who have contributed to deter youth from the profession of arms, and to persuade it of the beastly insanity of war. But we must defend ourselves against wild beasts, even if we feel less convinced of the need for the expenditure of blood and treasure to preserve our trusteeships outside the Empire. And the Government is going right ahead with the problem of storing grain and foodstuffs against the possibility of war. There are already at least two great secret granaries, and "Josephs" are working night and day (without holidays) on the problem. And again the problem and drill of gas defence and precaution are being seriously and widely handled all over the country under encouragement from Whitehall. We are alive to the possibilities. What sticks in my throat is the very slight effort made to tap that still useful and active source of supply for last ditch defence—the men of fifty and upwards who saw years of active service in the war. The defence force, if it ever come into being, is to be a mere handful. Thousands of active and experienced soldiers of fifty are neither invited nor encouraged nor advised how to register for home defence. Their units take no note of them, the War Office disregard them; they remain unremembered and apparently unwanted.

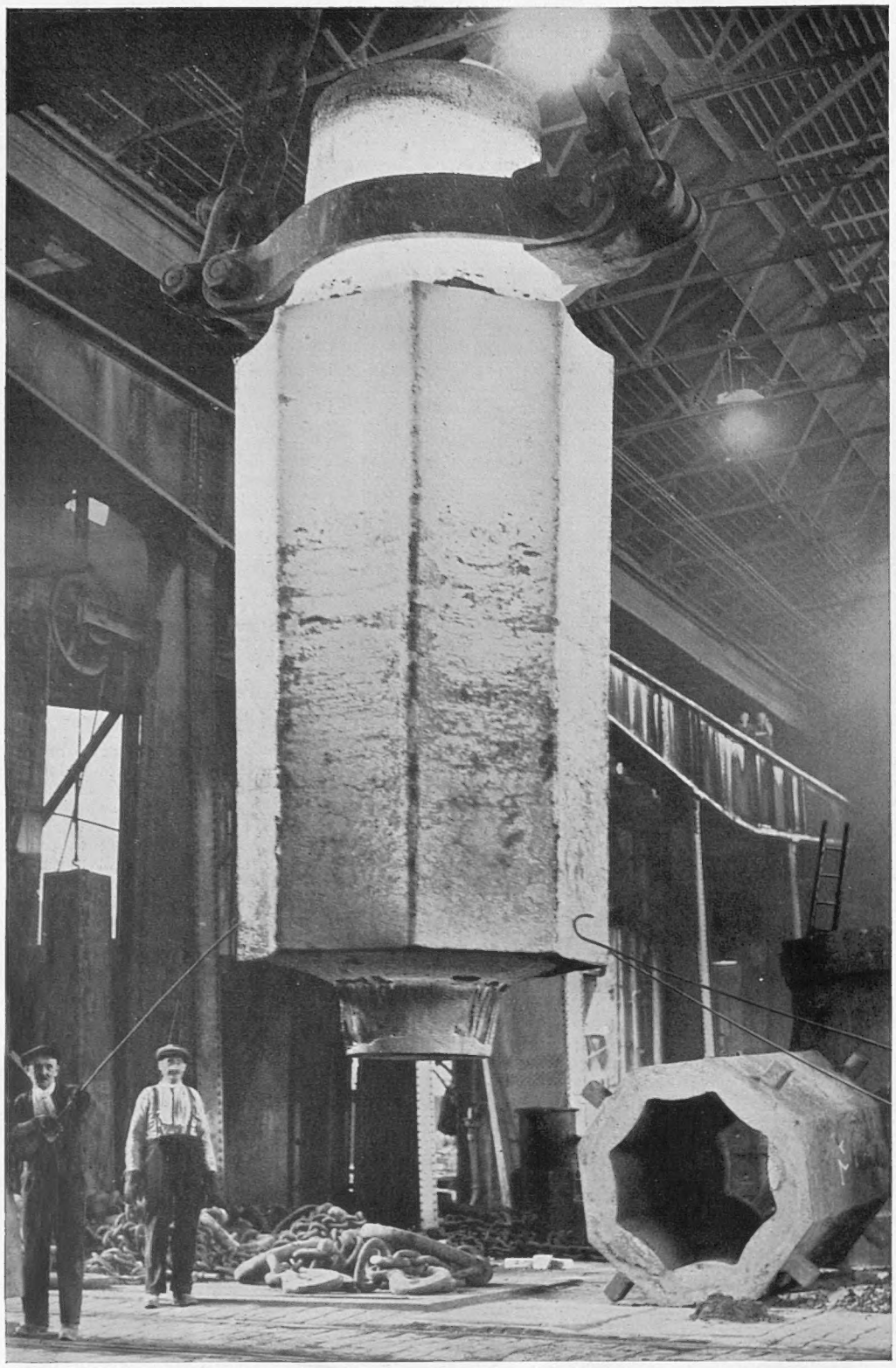
GENEVA: THE OLD PROBLEMS AND NEW.—The League assembly is in session again. It is difficult not to feel depressed. The conversations, public and secret, and the gossip of this political Hollywood bulk so large in the news, and the sub-acid commentary on the day's business by the B.B.C. observer does not increase the "gaiety" of the nightly bulletins of battle, murder, and sudden death. At once the poor League was faced with two embarrassments: to cast or not to cast Abyssinia, and to support or not to support the Government politically in power in Spain against the party in revolt. Few delegates ever seek the honour of performing at Geneva an unpleasant duty in altruism, and with one or two exceptions the members of the Credentials Committee were nominated unwillingly. To rule that Abyssinia had no government to which the Emperor's delegate could be accredited was to admit the League's impotency. To admit the Abyssinian delegate was to lose Italy from the Council table. To admit even in principle the right of the Spanish Government to the League's support in its fight against the insurgents was to turn Europe into camps of warring Fascists and Communists. Could any session of the League produce more embarrassing preliminaries?

THE OLD STAGER

ES: he machine *Miss Liverpool* in which Captain Campbell Black (husband of met is death last Saturday after taxiing along the ground and colliding with an tragedy was enacted in the presence of some thousands of spectators who had airport to see Captain Black demonstrate the plane which was named after aveen piloted by him in the forthcoming London-Johannesburg air race

DEMOLITION WORK AT WESTMINSTER: All that remains of the terrace, on the south side of Dean's Yard, which is to be replaced by a more commodious building which will form an addition to Church House, the headquarters of the Canterbury Houses of Convocation, the House of Laity, and the National Assembly of the Church of England. The terrace, although of no great antiquity, was for long a familiar and pleasing architectural feature of this part of Westminster

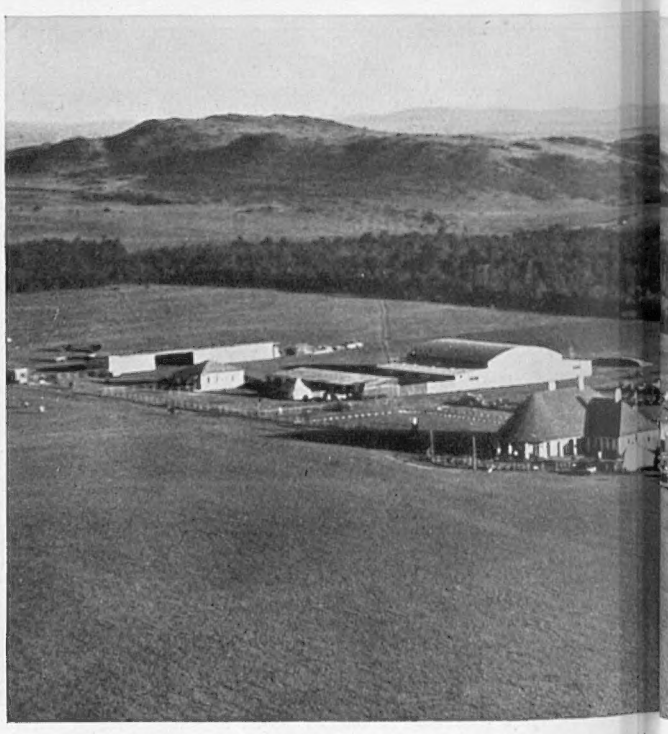
At Home and Ab



BELIEVE IT OR NOT: A difficult feat frequently undertaken at the Sheffield works of Messrs. Thomas Firth and John Brown Ltd. is the transfer of red hot castings from one workshop to another; the task being completed in as short a time as possible in order to save reheating before the next processing. The two workshops are situated on opposite sides of the L.M.S. track and the ingots, one of which is seen above and which sometimes weigh as much as 200 tons, are placed on steel trucks and shunted across, the railway company supervising the operation in order to prevent any delay

THE EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY IN THE NEWS: *Left*—Princess
colleagues at Great Ormond Street Hospital, where she is now
first arrival in this country. On the following day the Negus
hand while the League of Nations Credentials Committee was de

CIVIC WELCOME FOR HOLLAND'S ROYAL COUPLE: Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard, her fiancé, driving through the streets of Amsterdam when they paid their first visit to the city since their betrothal and were accorded a tumultuous reception. At the sports stadium, where they went in the afternoon, they were greeted by 20,000 schoolchildren and heard a loyal address by the Burgomaster



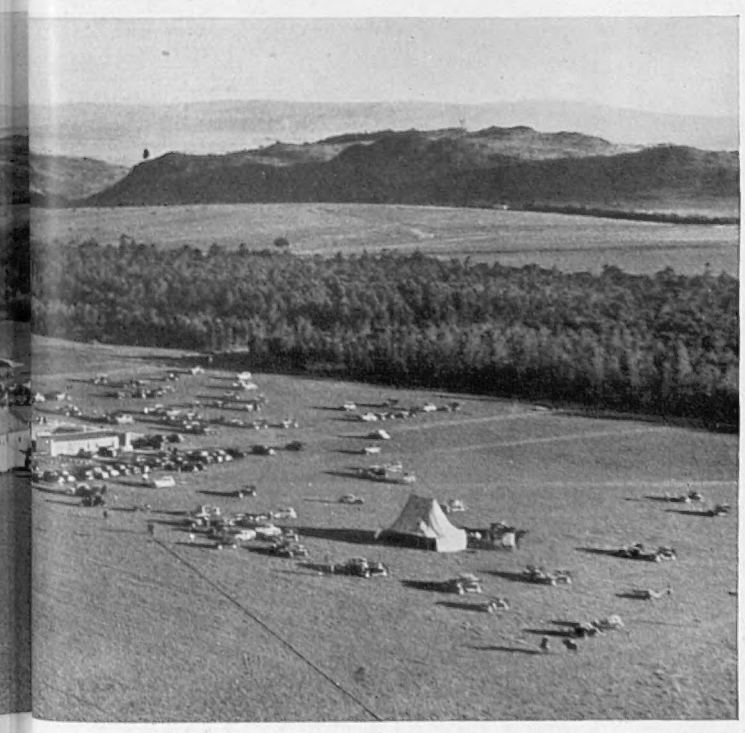
WHERE THE ENGLAND—AFRICA AIR RACE WILL END: Baragwanath
Johannesburg, has been chosen as the finishing point in the
or thirteen machines are expected to take part—all of them British
will take the eastern route via Belgrade and Cairo (a compulsory

BROAD

Tsahai, Haile Selassie's seventeen-year-old daughter, who is pictured here with undergoing training, went to Dover last Sunday to greet her mother on her (*right*) left Croydon by air for Geneva in order that he might be near at liberating the Abyssinian delegation's right to sit at meetings of the Assembly

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT RETURN: Their Royal Highnesses at Croydon airport where they arrived last week at the end of their seven-week holiday, during which they visited the Duchess's sisters, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia and Countess Toerring. They have since gone to stay with the King at Balmoral and the Duke has been able to enjoy some stalking

On left—
"THE SPHERE" INVITATION GOLF MEETING was held at Addington last Tuesday when Mr. L. M. Masius, with a net score of sixty-eight, won the eighteen holes medal play handicap for "The Sphere" Challenge Cup, Mr. Alfred Pemberton and Mr. Burnley Jones tying for second place with sixty-nine. In this group taken outside the clubhouse is Mr. William Graham (chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.), who is standing behind the Challenge trophy, while on his right is Mr. J. C. Akerman, (the vice-chairman) and on his left in the foreground is Mr. L. M. Masius

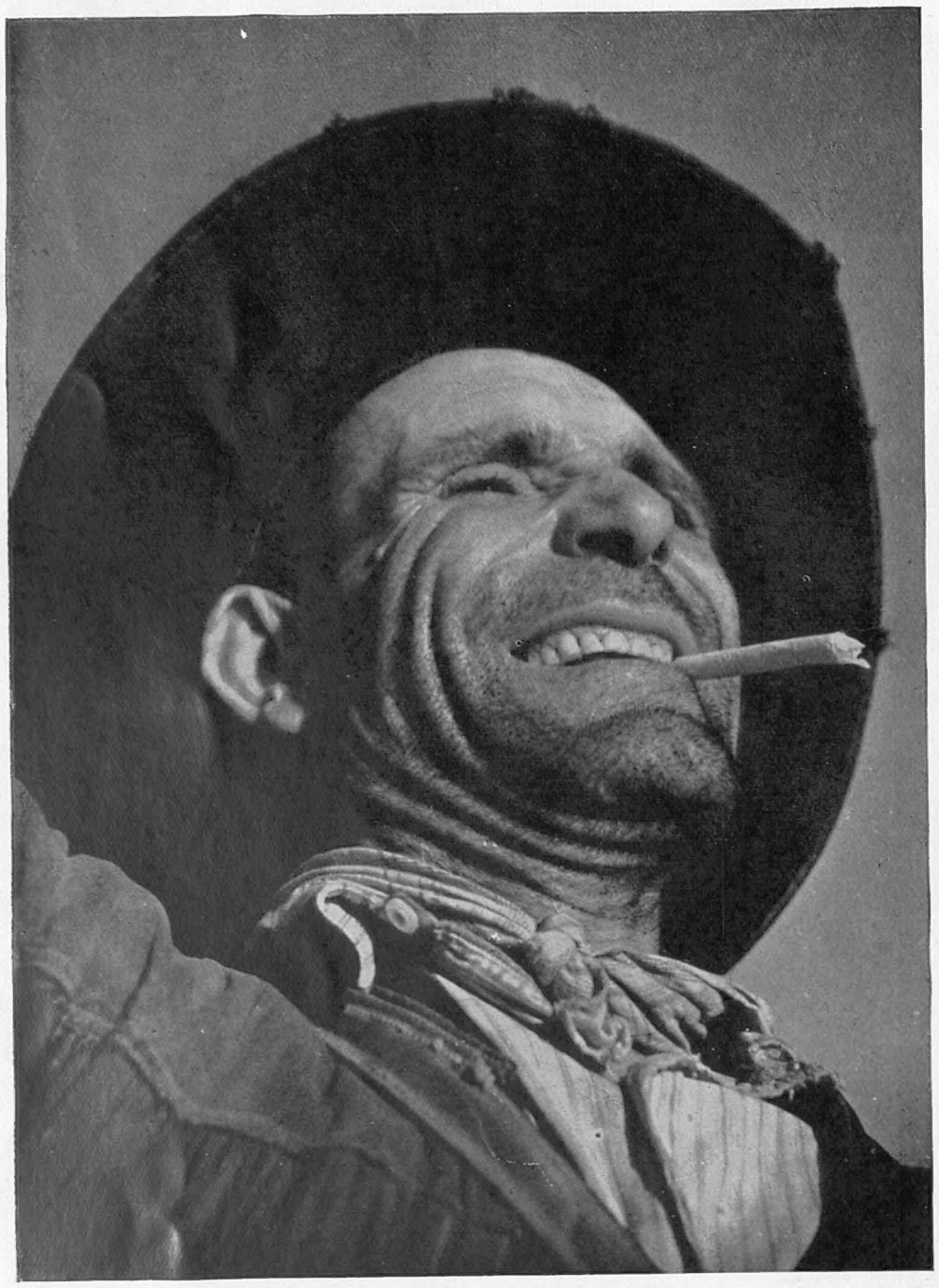


erodrome, on the Potchefstroom Road about four miles from the centre of 10,000 contest which is to start at 6.15 a.m. on Tuesday next. Twelve and the winner is likely to reach the Rand in about thirty hours. The flyers top), in order to avoid the long and dangerous Sahara desert crossing

"I LIKE YOUR TEA" said Evelyn Laye when she opened St. Peter's Kitchen for "down and outs" in Garrick Street, London, W., last week. With her in this picture is Lady Oxford. Miss Laye has only recently returned from the United States after a successful theatrical season, and according to present arrangements will shortly be going back there to play in *Between the Devil*

PEASANT LOYALISTS

Rural Types who are Fighting for the Government Cause



AN ANDALUSIAN PEASANT SUPPORTER OF THE GOVERNMENT: A type that is frequently encountered in the loyalist forces of the south which are fighting courageously but with il success against General Franco's men who every day are further consolidating their position

FUGITIVES FROM SERRO MULLIANO: Peasant folk taking the road for Castile with the few belongings they managed to gather together before being driven from their homes by rebel air raiders

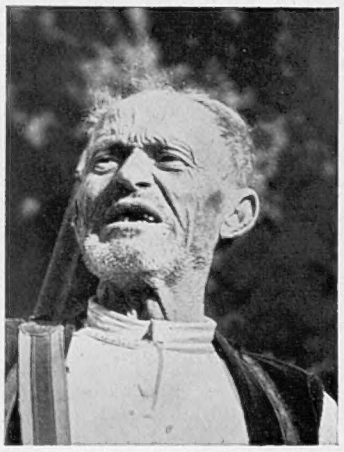
ALL QUIET ON THE NORTHERN FRONT: Refugees waiting on the international bridge to be given permission to return to Irun. Following the fall of the city they took refuge in Hendaye on the French side of the frontier

SAPPERS OF THE REBEL ARMY: In parts of the Guadarrama Hills, where fighting has been going on ever since mid-July, there are no roads linking the towns with the base camps, and the transport of men and material has thus been handicapped. The unit depicted here is one of many engaged in highway construction

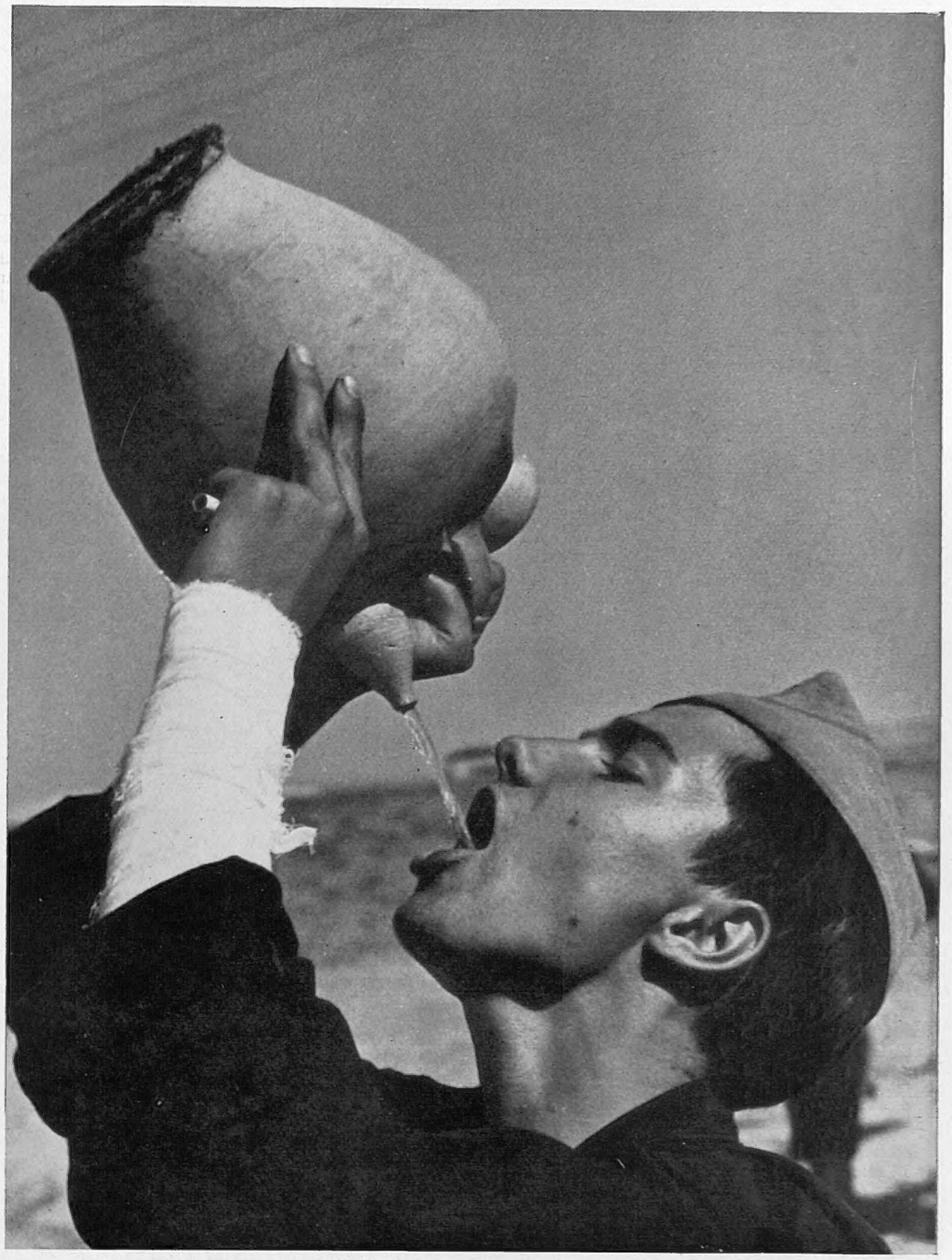
A GRIEF-STRICKEN FAMILY: A tragic scene outside Huelva courthouse after relatives of a local judge heard the news that he had been executed by order of the red committee

in the SPANISH WAR

and Other Pictures from the Battle Scarred Peninsula

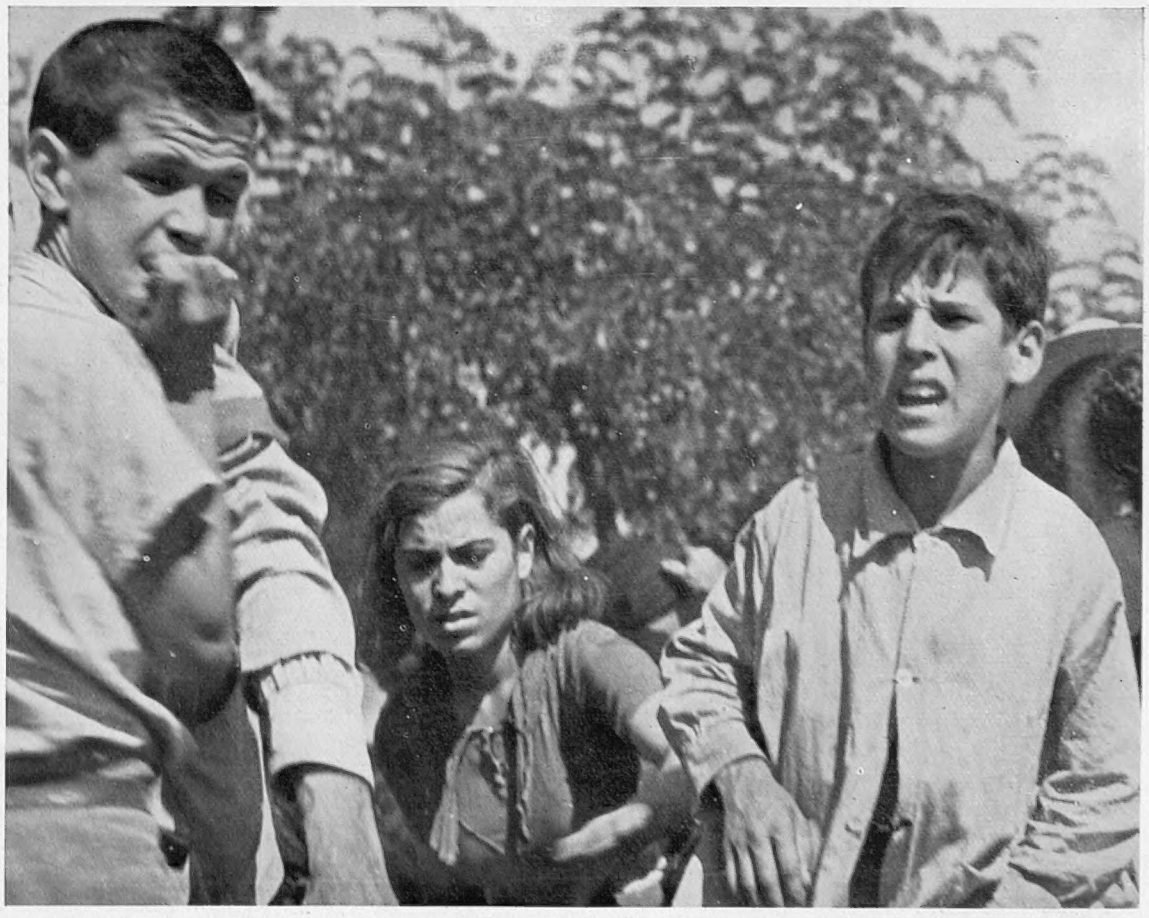


YOUTH AND AGE PLAY THEIR PART: An Andalusian militiaman (*left*), a striking figure in his sombrero, and a veteran (*right*) from the same region who are both fighting for the Government



QUENCHING A MIGHTY THIRST: A wounded Government militiaman drinking from a jar during a brief halt in a Castilian village. The troops are almost entirely dependent for their water supplies on the goodwill of the inhabitants of the oftentime arid districts through which they pass

BORNE TO SAFETY: A soldier with his infant son whom he rescued from Serro Mulliano during the bombardment by General Franco's planes



ORPHANS OF THE STORM: These youngsters, whose unhappiness is so clearly evidenced in their faces, were separated from their parents at the time of the evacuation of Serro Mulliano. One of the minor tragedies of the war which has broken up so many homes throughout the length and breadth of the Spanish Peninsula

THE REBELS' ROAD TO MADRID

Through the Historic No-Man's Land of Remote Estremadura

AFTER Irun and San Sebastian, what follows? If the loyalists are wise they are watching events in remote Estremadura; that way lies the enemy's road to Madrid, through Spain's historic no-man's land, a country of which it has been said, "In it a small army would be beaten and a large army would starve."

The other day the rebels captured Badajoz, ancient capital of Estremadura. It was a good day's work for Franco, more important than the capture of San Sebastian, and more important probably than any action likely to be fought in the north. As the campaign goes on we shall hear more of Badajoz, Merida, and that well-beaten track of armies through Estremadura to Madrid.

Of Badajoz I remember three things: sitting for hours at a café in the Plaza de San Juan watching the indolent parade of citizens up and down the only leafy promenade in the town; sleeping in a room which proved to be a right-of-way for every guest in the hotel; and standing in the gorge of the old Picurina Redoubt, just outside the town, studying from that point Wellington's assault on the strongest fortress in this part of Spain.

Perhaps you may remember that Hood's Ben Battle "left his legs in Badajoz's breaches." The breaches are still there. A good many pairs of legs were left in them. We lost 5,000 men there in March 1812; and the defenders a lot more. It is a grim, hot, bruising mass, this fortress of Badajoz, the colour of stale blood; and it gives the tone to the whole town. Even before the rebellion Badajoz looked as if it had just emerged from siege.

In the Peninsula War it was a key position, as it is to-day. Soult entered it in 1810 thanks to the treachery of its Spanish Governor. As the French marshal surveyed the tremendous fortifications he had won so easily, he remarked: "There are few forts so strong but what a mule laden with gold can get in!"

Beresford tried to get it back, but failed. The Duke then determined to have a shot at it himself. His assault was probably the most spectacular event of the whole war, and the capture of the fort the most significant. It was a famous victory; but a victory due less to the skill of the attack than to the heroism of a few individuals. You can still recognize the spot where Colonel Ridge, amid the French shouts of "Victory!" himself placed a ladder and clambered to the summit of the wall. He was instantly killed, but his gallant act won the castle for the Allies.

From the castle there is an impressive view over lands characteristic of the province. La Provincia de Estremadura, so called from its being the Extrema Ora, the last and extreme conquest of Alonso IX, lies against the Portuguese frontier, to the west of the Castiles. What a sun-scorched, remote and indolent land it is: potentially rich, but desolate, emptied of people by bad government and merciless war; and those who are left, tending herds of swine and merino sheep, are like Bedouins. I often wonder what they think of the civil war—where their sympathies lie. All government is bad government to these people, and all change is change for the worse.

When 1,200 men were lined up against the scarred walls of Badajoz a few weeks ago and shot down by sweating squads of rebels, what did the Estremenos think of it? They probably thought it perfectly natural. When Maria Christina was a little girl, her mother took her on to the balcony of the palace at Madrid to hear the acclamation of the people. Maria Christina looked down at the crowd. Then she frowned, and, tugging at her mother's skirt, said: "Why doesn't someone shoot them down?" What Maria Christina had learned to expect, all Spain had learned.

Not far from Badajoz, on the way to Madrid, lies Merida. It has figured a good deal in actions between the loyalists and the rebels, and I cannot make out in whose possession it is. It stands at the railway cross-roads, Lisbon to the west, Madrid to the east, and Seville not very far south. Whichever side holds it had better hang on tight. It is not a fortress, like Badajoz; but simply a quiet, provincial town with a splendid imperial background.

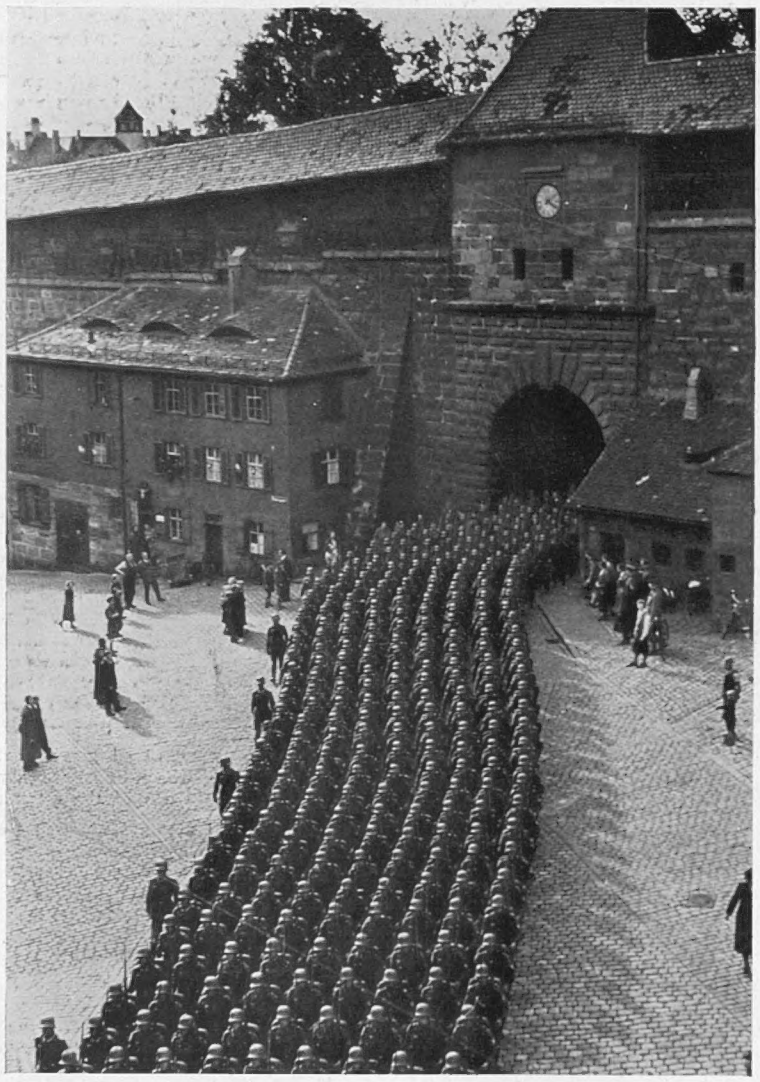
In appearance, the town is a mixture of Andalusian and Castilian characteristics: Andalusian balconies and patios; Castilian arcades lining narrow, badly-paved streets. It is a vaulted town. A little farther south, even at moss-grown Zafra, which also lies in the track of war, every open door reveals a patio, airy, green, and musical with flowing water.

Among these vaults tradesmen are seen at such antique labours as weaving, milling, forging, and the baking of earthenware pots. Some of the vaults are stalls for oxen and donkeys; and many of them are empty except for bats and small lizards. All these towns give you a feeling of emptiness.

The sketch of Merida would be a little different. Not more life, but more beauty. I have never seen such fine Roman remains outside of Italy—creamy columns and amphitheatre seats where green lizards lie; gateways leading nowhere and arches admitting to the desolation of war and civic indifference. By the ruins of a Serapeum I saw a goatherd slitting the throat of a kid. The blood splashed down over marble foliage . . .

The blood of Spain splashes now over the marble foliage of Merida.

R. E.



GERMANY'S MARCHING MIGHT: The modern army of the Reich which Chancellor Hitler recently characterised as "the nation's proudest possession"

THE NAVY'S SHORTAGE OF OFFICERS

A Problem that Must be Faced

ONLY a very short time ago there was a very general suggestion that the post-war Navy was grossly over-officered, a suggestion in which economists, pacifists, and Socialists joined forces, and now the Service is faced with the certainty, in about two years' time, of the greatest shortage of commissioned officers that it has suffered since the 'nineties, when most of the magnificent cruisers built on loan under the Naval Defence Act had to be paid off into the reserve as soon as they were completed on account of the shortage of personnel, especially officers, to take them to sea. The commissioning of a number of ships from the reserve during the Mediterranean crisis strained the supply of officers to the utmost, even after the Admiralty had persuaded a large number to volunteer for service from the retired list, and with the increased number of ships soon to be built the shortage will be very real indeed.

It is very easy to compare the number of units in the Fleet before the outbreak of war in 1914 with the number to-day, and the number of commissioned officers, and on this to suggest that at the present time the Fleet is grossly over-officered. But it must be remembered that the average size of the ships of practically all classes has increased very considerably, and that a very large proportion of the ships afloat in 1914 were equipped in the simplest possible manner; even cruisers of considerable size had the most primitive gunnery controls. Nowadays even a sloop or a destroyer has her full quota of scientific instruments, especially in the gunnery department. Whether there are too many of them in some of the smaller ships may be an open question, but when they are fitted they must have the personnel to make use of them.

It is precisely the same in the Admiralty itself, where the number of officers borne is the favourite target of the critics. Compared with 1914 there are admittedly many more serving in Whitehall, but against this it must be remembered that we were undeniably grossly under-staffed in 1914, especially in departments like the Intelligence Division, and that this false economy cost us many lives and ships. Also that saving in material must entail more staff work in compensation unless grave risks are to be run. Where one plan was considered, and roughly worked out on paper, by the pre-war staff there are at least a score to-day, all trying to make five ships do the work of ten.

That entails careful consideration of every minute detail; to take only one factor out of many it means that the ships will have to be moved at a far higher speed, consuming oil fuel at a rate which advances in an extraordinary manner for every knot added, and it is very necessary to provide for refilling their bunkers without delay unless the country is to run the risk of having invaluable ships immobilised in an emergency. Points like that do not as a rule occur to lay critics.

Actually the officers posted to the Admiralty have to work infinitely harder to-day than they did before the war and indeed are kept at practically war pressure. More work is also demanded of the officers who are serving at sea and their greater number in proportion to the petty officers and ratings—generally about 1 to 11 in a battleship and 1 to 9 in a cruiser—does not mean that they have any less work to do, for with the far greater complexity of modern men-of-war, and the innumerable machines of the greatest precision which have to be learned and operated, makes them all needed.

As far as is compatible with full naval efficiency the Service is now trying to get a number of officers' duties carried out by petty officers, but in that it is necessary to feel every step of the way and not to risk having a weak link in the chain. In the present-day Navy the petty officers' rank, once regarded as the backbone of the Service, is in a state of transition owing to the great opportunities which are now offered for smart ratings to attain wardroom rank.

It is true that in certain cases, although not nearly so frequently as many people believe, commissioned officers carry out jobs in big ships which have been described as "human transmitting stations," but there are not nearly so many of them as there were before the Mediterranean crisis, and where they still exist the officers form an invaluable, although not very numerous, pool from which the complements of the Reserve ships would be drawn in case of war. They have been in constant and very close touch with every feature of the present rapid development, whereas the retired officers, rejoining the Fleet in numbers should war break out, are out of touch unless they have been serving quite recently, and they would take a little time to fall into their places.

Officers in high places have already dropped broad and inspired hints as to the possible necessity of having to turn to the Merchant Service for help.

The number of cadets entered, both through Dartmouth and the public school gateways, has been increased as much as possible and, after some tendency to hang back, the number now appears to be satisfactory. But it will naturally be some years before these new entries are able to pull their full weight in the work of the Fleet; the new ships will be ready long before they are. In the meantime the young officers who had the courage to enter the Service when prospects were so bad will reap their reward in more rapid promotion, but the problem of where to turn for officers to take their places as they are moved up is still far from being solved, and is one of the most difficult of the many that have to be faced by the Admiralty during the period of reconstruction.

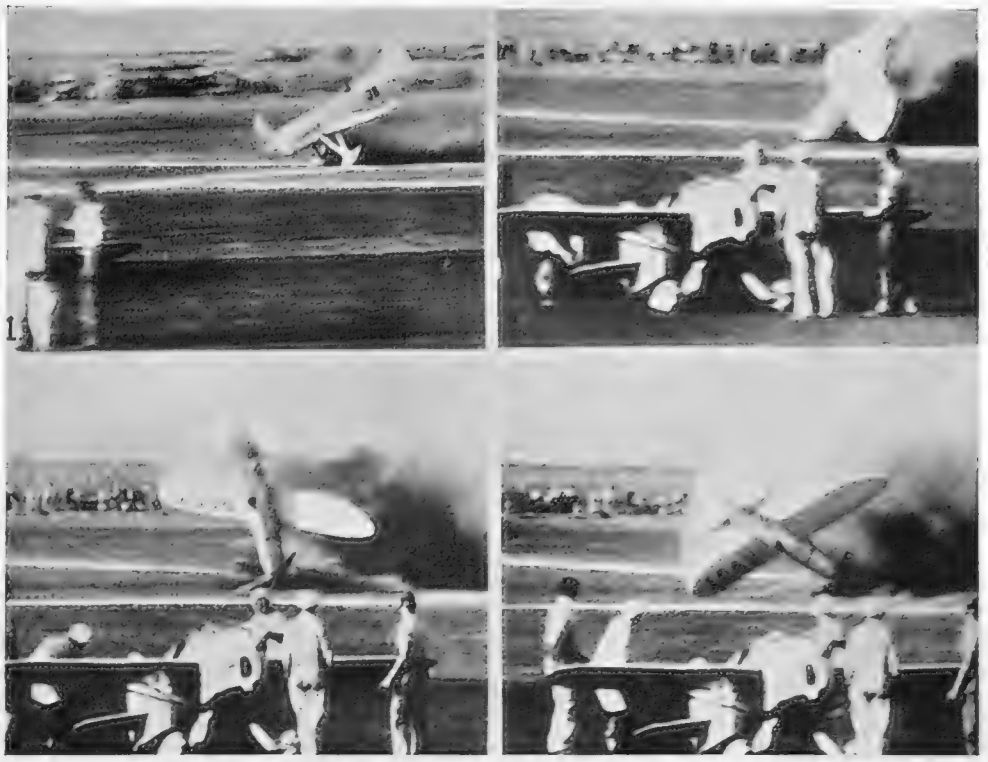
Frank C. Bowen

FLIGHT

ADVENTURE BOUND: Mrs. Beryl Markham's plane *Messenger*, pictured at Gravesend Aerodrome before she set out in it across the Atlantic on her record-breaking East to West flight

JOURNEY'S END: Mrs. Markham's plane with its nose buried after it had come to grief in a Nova Scotia bog through petrol shortage, a thousand miles short of its objective, New York

"LADY LINDY" DOES THE HONOURS: Miss Amelia Earhart (right), heroine of two West to East Atlantic flights, presenting Miss Betty Browning of Wichita, Kansas, with the Amelia Earhart Trophy after her victory in the "Twenty-five Mile Dash" for women pilots in the National Air Races held at Los Angeles. Her high powered Cessna plane averaged over 156 m.p.h.



THE CAMERA CATCHES EVERY PHASE OF A PLANE CRASH: These instantaneous impressions depict the scene that presented itself in alarming fashion to thousands of spectators who attended the National Air Races at Los Angeles a short while ago when the plane piloted by Joe Jacobson turned a somersault as it taxied along the ground after crossing the finishing line

ANOTHER LINK IN THE "DARK CONTINENT'S" CHAIN OF FLYING FIELDS: A landing ground carved out of virgin forest in equatorial Africa where, in the absence of an adequate railway system, aviation is destined to play an ever-increasing part in the development of the country. Thousands of trees had to be felled and acres of undergrowth cut in order to complete the work

CIVIC ENTERPRISE: The municipal airport at Cleveland, Ohio, which has been improved and enlarged with a view to making it the finest commercial landing ground in the Middle Eastern States. It now has a fine stretch of concrete runway and as the picture shows, this is being still further increased. Cleveland is an important air line junction, linking up with Pittsburgh, New York, and Philadelphia to the east; Toronto to the north; and Chicago to the west

BELGIUM'S DEFENCE DILEMMA

How Shall She Protect Her Eastern Frontiers?

A Vital Problem that is Being Debated Publicly

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE convening of a mixed civil and military commission to debate publicly by what means the nation can best be protected from a hostile pounce deemed to belong to the category of immediate possibilities took place a while ago in Belgium.

The Commission drags on and on probing, analysing every angle of the peril and how to meet it; what lines of defence should or should not be held, and, in the latter event, how? the mobilisation time factor; the destruction programme that should be organised in advance; what additional effectives might be mustered, and the political obstacles thereto; the chance of foreign aid arriving; the uselessness of existing fortifications and the necessity for new ones, the nature and likely bearing of these on the struggle; the easiest way of penetration into the heart of the country that lies open to the invader; the vulnerability from sabotage of vital works. And so on and so forth, every intricacy of the national defence against a specific danger turned inside out and up to the skies for all—*all*—to ponder, digest, and learn from.

Nor is this everything that the Commission accomplishes, for it also succeeds in dividing the country in two on the cruellest of issues, namely, how much, if any, of the national territory should be abandoned at once to the thrusting invader, on grounds of strategy; this duly becoming an urgent topic calculated conspicuously to weld and hearten the people, particularly those inhabiting the territory thought to be marked for handing over.

Sometimes the Belgian Mixed Commission of National Defence has, it is true, covered the more urgently secret of its sessions—as when chiefs of staff have laid bare pretty well everything—with bulletins of some perspicacity, yet even these communiqués have been known to tell more than would be required to send a person to the block in other climes.

The Commission is still thinking aloud, here in Brussels, after several months of it, yet enough has perhaps been said and written to enable the foreign observer to sum up the position, to assess what is at stake, and above all to signal the marked change that has come over the Belgian outlook, internationally. This last has a direct bearing on the Western Pact that it is optimistically hoped to negotiate in the autumn between France, Germany, Belgium, and ourselves. For it is no longer the same Belgium that will confront us, of only a few months ago, prior to the remilitarisation of the Rhineland.

Needless to say the whole affair is of high importance to Britain, Belgium being about the only place left on the Continent where we are still willing to stake a claim and uphold it come what may. It is therefore indicated in the first place to say that Belgium still wants to remain in with us and to rely on us, as the prime factor in her international and defensive policy. The change has come in her attitude to France and Germany. For some time past, Germany has been studiously polite, almost friendly with Belgium about whom nothing critical or offensive is allowed to be printed. This, of course, is all part and parcel of the Hitlerian policy of isolating France, and it must be admitted that no small success has been achieved. The Belgians are falling for the wily Fritz to the extent of desiring closer relations of all kinds with him, to the gradual elimination of similar relations that had existed with France. Belgium would now like to be on the same terms with both powerful neighbours, which means the burial, if unheralded, of the secret military treaty which Foch arranged with King Albert back in 1920. Henceforward, that can be said to have lived. Has not our celebrated Commission solemnly decided that the new defensive tactics shall be free of political complications and directed against no particular State? Foch and Albert were naturally thinking only of Germany.

It might be indelicate to say that little Belgium has got the breeze up beside a Germany growing ever mightier and more resembling pre-war, yet that is broadly speaking what has occurred. And instead of seeking Communist sinews to checkmate this resurgent Germany, as France has done, Belgium opts for (a) the maximum friendship obtainable with Berlin, (b) strict neutrality in everything not concerning her, (c) a firm defence policy calculated to keep marauders off, (d) reliance on Great Britain.

There is precious little League of Nations in all this, and there is precious little League of Nations thinking in to-day's Belgium. Which does not mean that Geneva has been thrown over—when others really come forward with the Genevan goods, Belgium will be found ready to co-operate. But pending that auspicious occasion, she has decided that it is a suicidal mirage to rely on pacts with nations far, far away, as it is no less so to join in a proposed self-protective circle of small countries whose actual means of self-protection would be pathetic in contact with a solitary big Power on the warpath.

BELGIUM'S VULNERABLE EASTERN FRONTIER which abuts on Holland, Germany, and Luxemburg, and the defence of which has for months past been the subject of national debate. Marked on this sketch map is the town of Malmedy which has had such a chequered history. In 1814 it was given to Prussia and in 1919, after a plebiscite, Germany renounced it in favour of Belgium

It is a pretty cruel dilemma, as I said, and one which ordinarily should never have been trotted out.

On the one side are those who stand for the *défense intégrale* of the national territory; the frontier positions should be held from the first and until the army is forced back, after which it would stand and stand again on the right bank of the Meuse. There should be no voluntary sacrifice of a scrap of Belgian soil, as part of policy fixed beforehand. Else, why indeed should the unfortunate inhabitants condemned to be left in the lurch remain Belgian one day longer?

And it is a painfully big strip of national territory that seems to be involved, back to the line of the Meuse, so far as one can determine.

The Integralists claim to be the Patriots, in opposition to the clique of experts and General Staff who would hand over the bulk of the country in the first few days, as they did in 1914. One hears again how Ludendorff single-handedly took Liége on August 7 at the head of only 1,500 troops, and how what has lately been termed "the formidable ditch almost untakable without immense preparations and great superiority of means," the Meuse, was crossed by the enemy in his stride in succeeding days. The Integralists, who have strong emotional appeal, demand a maximum man-power policy based on eighteen months' service (which would be widely resisted in the present temper of much of the nation) and claim that the big additional outlay could be met by taxes on gambling, liquor, and on those exempted from service.

The Integralists clamour passionately for a series of fortified lines from the frontier (180 miles long, facing east) back into the heart of the country, and for adequate man-power at once in view of the fact that the crucial year may well be 1937, after which Germany may find she is being gained upon.

The Integralists refer to the Reich's "*Grand Soir*" when her helter-skelter motorised columns would crash forward, and be in Brussels the next morning, and right through to Tournai, splitting the country, and on the verge of industrial France, by the second evening. The experts' plans for holding up the onslaught are pooh-poohed. As for "sitting on the Meuse and letting geography do the rest," why, that river dries up to a depth of under 3 ft. from May to November! As for the much-vaunted Monsin barrage, 200 yds. wide, and purporting to defend Liége by feeding the Albert Canal, that mammoth work could be put out of action in a trice by enemy saboteurs, with the result that the Albert Canal would rapidly empty itself and be the easiest of obstacles to cross!

The principal protagonists are the former Defence Minister, M. Devèze, and Generals Van den Bergen, Tasnier, Galet, and Nuyten, thought it is somewhat hard to say just how each stands beyond that General Van den Bergen, who is Chief of Staff, emerges as a sort of referee before the Commission.

Those who would deliberately yield territory at the outset, falling back if need be to the line of the Scheldt where a final stand would be made, even if the crucial "mountains" of Saint-Aubert and Renaix had first to be evacuated, can be dealt with at less length.

They reckon that the feared invasion could be one of two descriptions: a massive attack in the general style of 1914 though much speeded up, and the unexpected inrush of armoured columns for the guarding of whose flanks and rear other motorised units would be rushed up, enabling the penetration-force to press on and on at lightning speed.

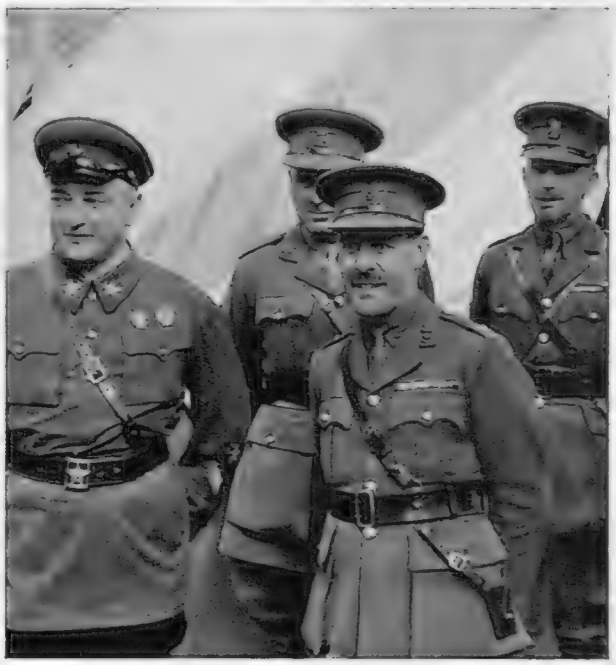
The obvious realists on the Commission (including the Chief of Staff) believe that if anything were attempted, it would be this crash-through, and to meet it they frankly contemplate the abandonment of large tracts of territory, though not without firing a shot, as critics scornfully shout. Shots would very definitely be fired, and big shots, from the

(Continued on page 524)

RE-ARMED EUROPE

French, Russian, German, and British Army Exercises

EARLY AUTUMN MANŒUVRES IN FRANCE: *Left*—Infantry in action during a mimic war near the Italian frontier. The man in the foreground has cunningly camouflaged his steel helmet which, if uncovered, might reflect the sun's rays and provide an easy target. *Right*—Apparatus used for detecting the approach of enemy aircraft before they come into view, picking up the sound of the engines and revealing as nearly as possible the direction from which it emanates



WHILE HITLER AND STALIN BICKER their respective fighting forces carry out elaborate military exercises, revealing their immense strength. *Left*—A German officer "spotting" during manœuvres in the Harz Mountains. *Right*—Marshal Tukhachevski, Assistant Peoples Commissar for Defence and idol of the Red Army, with members of the first British military delegation to Soviet Russia, who witnessed a mimic battle in which more than 100,000 men, 1,000 tanks, and 1,000 aeroplanes took part, the campaign being conducted in the region where Russians and Germans fought with such ruthlessness during the great war. Major-General A. P. Wavell, head of the delegation, afterwards characterised the troops as very efficient and full of fighting spirit

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: Field-Marshal Baron Gustav Mannerheim (centre), Chairman of the Finnish Council of National Defence, who has been paying a fortnight's visit to this country as the guest of the British Government, studying a map of the terrain during the 1st Tank Brigade exercises held a few days ago on Salisbury Plain. Standing with him are Brigadier Sutton and General Sir William Kirke (on his right), and Lieut.-Colonel Sundman (his A.D.C.) and Colonel Tilly (on his left)

LAND ARMADA: Tanks going into action during the recent exercises on Salisbury Plain. Great developments in these machines are now foreshadowed, and it is understood that the new models will have armour, mobility, fire power, weight, and size far in advance of anything now in service

A MIGHTY AMERICAN

T.N.T.: Hundreds of tons of earth and rock blown sky high during blasting operations in Southern California, where work is proceeding apace on the construction of the great aqueduct which, when completed in four years' time, will convey water from the Parker Dam on the Colorado River to no fewer than thirteen cities, including Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pasadena, Santa Monica, San Marino, San Bernardino, and Burbank

FLOOD THE EVER PRESENT DANGER: Surveyors at work on a completed stretch of the thirteen-mile tunnel which is being bored through the San Jacinto Range not far from Los Angeles, and which constitutes one of the most difficult engineering feats in the construction of the aqueduct linking the waters of the Colorado River with the Southern Californian centres of population. Pumps are operating night and day in order to prevent flooding of the workings, but, even so, those employed there have to wear heavy oilskins and top boots

HIGH SPEED PIPE-LAYING carried out by a crane which moves forward above the trench after placing each section in its allotted position. A gang of workmen waits below to cement the joins

ON A DESERT SECTION OF THE ROUTE: Placing steel reinforcing along the sides and bed of a canal before concreting begins

IN the heart of a great mountain in Southern California a crew of 600 men are daily battling against the peril of sudden flood in their efforts to complete a great tunnel. While the construction of this tunnel is worthy of record as a clever feat, it forms only part of what is a vast engineering project—the building of a mighty aqueduct through which will flow a billion gallons of water daily to supply no fewer than thirteen cities with a much needed water supply. The main section of the aqueduct will have a length of 240 miles. If to this are added the smaller aqueducts by which the water will be distributed, this colossus of pipelines will have a total length of 392 miles, equal to the distance from London to Edinburgh. Some idea of the colossal character of the undertaking will be apparent when it is stated that it will demand an expenditure of £44,000,000.

It entails the erection of a large dam, monster reservoirs, the boring of over a hundred miles of tunnels through mountains, the digging of

SAFETY FIRST: Whenever blasting operations are about to begin in the Seven Palms tunnel the miners are called back and made to assemble at a point 2,500 ft. from the workings. The round of powder is then set off by connecting the electric circuit through a wire stretching from wall to wall

hundreds of miles of canals across desert country, and the erection of powerful pumping plants. The water which will flow through this colossus of aqueducts is being taken from the Colorado River at a point some 150 miles below the recently completed Boulder Dam. Here another barrier known as the Parker Dam is in course of erection, which alone will cost £2,600,000. It will create what engineers call an intake, or reservoir, from which water will flow into the aqueduct, wriggling its way like a gigantic snake across desert and mountain, piercing the latter by tunnels. These will be 16 ft. in diameter, large enough to accommodate a modern locomotive. There are thirty-five of these mountain tunnels, aggregating one hundred and eight miles in total length. The two longest are those through the East Coachella and San Jacinto Mountains, the former being eighteen and the latter thirteen miles in length.

AQUEDUCT: *How £44,000,000 is Being Spent in Building Canals, Boring Tunnels, and Erecting Pipe-Lines to Convey Water from the Parker Dam, Colorado, to the Vast Cities of Southern California*

To have drilled these two tunnels in the ordinary way, that is from each end simultaneously, would have taken too long, fifteen or twenty years in the case of the eighteen-mile stretch. So the engineers attacked these mountains from different points; not only from each end, but from the sides and also from the top, shafts were sunk down to the tunnel level, and borings driven from them into the heart of the mountain. In the case of East Coachella the tunnel is being bored from eight different points simultaneously, and from six in the case of Jacinto.

The very latest type of machinery and labour-saving devices are being employed in driving the tunnels. The great drill carriages mount as many as four to eight pneumatic or automatic drills. With these machines from twenty to sixty holes, from 5 ft. to 12 ft. deep, are drilled in the hard rock, rammed with explosives and fired. After the blast the shattered rock is loaded into waiting cars and hauled out to the dump. The muck, as the shattered rock is termed, is lifted into the cars by electric dippers.

UNDERGROUND RAIN: Building wooden arches in a newly bored part of the San Jacinto tunnel, while water pours down despite the work of the pumps

The boring of the tunnels will call for some 70,000 mountain-shaking blasts demanding the explosion of 10,000 tons of water-resistant gelatine dynamite and the drilling of some 3,000,000 holes. Enough muck will be brought down from the tunnel faces by these blasts to fill a freight train 1,600 miles long. Despite unforeseen difficulties, the work is progressing at a pace never before known. Until a few years ago a crew of miners could shoot only one round, breaking down 4½ ft. of rock in an eight-hour shift. In some of the tunnels it is not uncommon for a twenty-man crew to shoot three 5-ft. rounds. Recently, in three shifts, ten rounds were shot and the Seven Palms Tunnel advanced 55 ft.—a world's record in breaking through hard rock.

But tunnel driving is by no means the only important phase of the undertaking. In addition to the 108 miles of tunnels which are being driven through the mountains there are in the main aqueduct alone 62 miles of canals, 55 miles of conduits, and 29 miles of siphons. Then at five different points powerful pumping plants are being installed. By the aid of these pumps the water will be raised 1,539 ft. during the first 130 miles. At the fifth point, known as Hatfield Lift, it will be forced nearly straight up a height of 440 ft. From this point the water will flow through tunnels, siphons, and conduits by gravity into a great storage reservoir at Cajalco Creek near Riverside, from

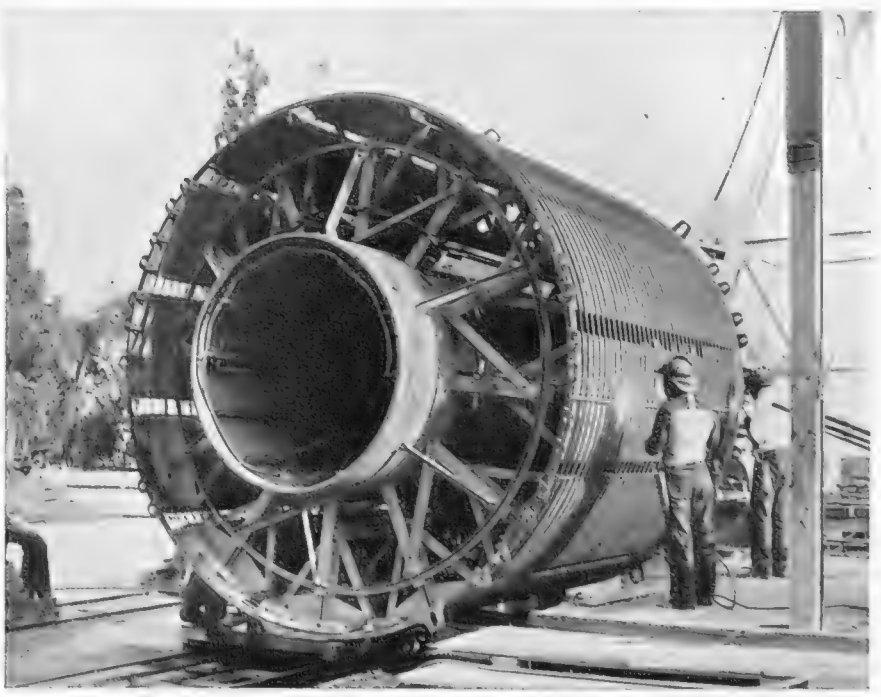
SEALED FROM THE OUTER WORLD: The small steel door through which the mechanics crawl when entering the Potrero pumping station, which has been built into the solid rock and is used for keeping the water at bay during tunnel construction. The station has to be so well protected as there is danger at times of its being inundated itself

which point it will be distributed to the cities through another 150 miles of pipe-lines. The siphons, the largest ever designed, are fashioned of reinforced concrete many yards in thickness. Their work is to help the water across declivities in the desert terrain. The name "siphon" is a misnomer as they do not exert any siphonic action. In design they represent the letter "U" on, of course, an immense scale. Water flows down one side, rushing up the other to just below its own level. But siphons have to be built very strong to withstand the great pressure.

It is necessary for the siphons, conduits, tunnels and canals to be finished as smooth as glass. There must be no sharp curves, projections or rough spots. Otherwise this would greatly retard and consequently reduce the flow of water. If the tunnels were left in the "rough" to cope with the proposed flow they would need to be 18 ft in diameter instead of 16 ft. Workmen grind down inequalities, particularly at joints, with high-speed emery wheels.

Before work could be started on the undertaking surveying parties spent two whole years in the desert and among the mountains mapping the course of the aqueduct. All

(*Continued on page* 512)



A MASSIVE MAIN: A 12 ft. section of pipe with one mile of steel wire bands wound round it as reinforcing to the concrete which is added later. The completed section weighs 42 tons

GERMANY THINKS AGAIN IN TERMS OF EMPIRE

The Colonies She Has Lost and Urges to Have Restored

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH all due respect to Herr Hitler, I am prepared to wager him 100 (registered) marks that he does not know in any real detail the German colonies which he is so anxious to have restored. If it comes to that, I am prepared to make a similar wager with any senior official in Whitehall. I say this with some feeling, because it has cost me the best part of two days and a £5 note in buying Reports and White Papers and preparing the material for this article.

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT LOME, formerly the capital of German Togoland, but since the war part of the French territory of Dahomey

When I airily suggested to the Editor of THE SPHERE that something on the former German colonies would be topical I had thought in terms of German East Africa, German West Africa, and German South-West Africa. I recalled vaguely, too, that the Germans used to have part of the Cameroons. Even Togoland brought some faint echo of memory from school days. But frankly I had not the slightest idea that Germany owned 1,400 islands in the South Seas, not to mention part of Samoa, all Nauru, as well as a section of New Guinea. These colonies are controlled by more than half-a-dozen different countries. Great Britain, South Africa, Japan, Australia, Belgium, New Zealand, and France are all legatees of the Treaty of Versailles. For though Germany started long after the Portuguese, the Spanish, the English, the French, and even the Belgians, on empire building, she was still (to change the metaphor) in time to cut herself several sizable slices of cake. Of these, German East Africa is unquestionably the most important. It is now called Tanganyika and Ruanda-Urundi. The latter is the north-west corner of what was once German East Africa, and is run by the Belgians. It has a population of 868 whites, of whom over half are Belgians, thirty are English, sixty-five are French, forty-six are Dutch, and seventeen are Germans. In the last Report details are given of twelve assassinations and fifteen murders in the course of one year, so perhaps Germany is well out of this particular ex-colony even though the total gross receipts are 42,000,000 Belgian francs.

Tanganyika itself is, however, distinctly valuable. There is a population of over 8,000 Europeans. Of these nearly 3,000 are Germans; but if you include South African Dutch, the British actually total nearly 4,000. The remainder include Americans, Dutchmen, and even a Maltese.

The chief industry is sisal. This is a fibrous plant from whichrope and thread are made. Apart from this, tea, coffee, maize, and tobacco come next in importance; while gold mining is coming along fast. The exploitation of this precious metal began barely seven years ago, but this year one can estimate that at least £500,000 will be exported, although until now only the alluvial gold has been sought. At the moment, however, reef-mining has been started in real earnest by large companies, and considerable quantities of gold may be expected from this area in the near future.

Tanganyika covers 360,000 square miles. Its capital, Dar-es-Salaam, has a population of 35,000. At which point one should emphasise the fact that when the war came to an end, Germany surrendered her colonies to the Allied and Associated Powers at the Treaty of Versailles. She did *not* surrender them to the League of Nations, as many people suppose. Subsequently, however, the Powers undertook to administer these colonies according to mandates issued by the League. Since 1919 about £9,500,000 of English capital has been sunk in Tanganyika. The majority of this capital is showing a considerable dividend. According to the last report issued by the Government, the estimated revenue for 1936 will be a trifle under £2,000,000.

SWAKOPMUND: The chief port of German South West Africa which was conquered by General Botha in 1915 and now belongs to the Union

GOVERNMENT BUNGALOWS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT DAR-ES-SALAAM, in pre-war days capital of German East Africa and now capital of the British mandated territory of Tanganyika

The taxes on the natives form a third of this sum. The import duties are also in the neighbourhood of £600,000 a year.

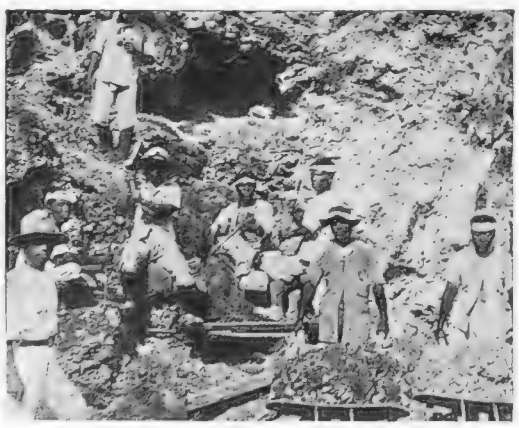
During the war it was naturally the job of our Propaganda Department to claim that the Germans were no good as colonists, and to suggest that it was not so much a colonisation as a military occupation of the area. It is quite true that the German district headquarters were all forts, but they had to deal with a number of recalcitrant tribes which had to be cleaned up before any kind of peace could be assured. Just before 1914 there were distinct signs that the Germans realised the necessity of paying at least some attention to the natives' welfare if they were going to make any kind of a success of the job. Until then they had given the impression that they regarded the territory merely as a dumping ground for white settlers.

At this point let me recommend to any of you who are really interested in the ex-German Empire, a book written by Dr. Schnee, a former Governor of German East Africa. Its title is *German Colonisation, Past and Future*. Not unnaturally, for it is translated from the German without expurgations, it is distinctly partisan. In the introduction (written by William Harbutt Dawson) there occurs the following paragraph: "*It is inconceivable that Belgium, with a population of 7,250,000, should have an empire of nearly 1,000,000 square miles; that a decadent country like Portugal, with a population of 6,000,000, should have an empire of equal extent; that France, with a population of 38,000,000, should have an empire of nearly 5,000,000 square miles; while Germany, the third greatest industrial country in the world, with a population of 65,000,000, should be doomed to perpetual exclusion from the ranks of Colonial Powers.*"

Of course what really interests Hitler are the mineral possibilities, but in German East Africa these are not considerable, except for the gold. Only 194 tons of tin and 46 tons of mica were exported or sold within the territory during 1935.

(*Continued on page 524*)

ONCE A GERMAN POSSESSION IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC: Rice-growing at an agricultural experimental station on Ponape, one of the Caroline Islands which are now administered by Japan



MINING PHOSPHATE IN THE PELEW ISLANDS, which were sold by Spain to Germany in 1899 and occupied by the Japanese in the great war

Colonial Propaganda

CIGARETTE cards are now being used by a German firm to keep the question of Germany's lost colonies before the minds of the German people. On one side the cards show coloured pictures of scenes in the former colonies. On the back is letterpress giving the information that the collection, together with a statement on the development of the colonies, can be obtained from all dealers for the modest price of one mark.—*News Paragraph.*

ASSIGNED TO AUSTRALIA: The main street of Kokopo (in New Britain), one of the Islands in the Bismarck Archipelago, to the east of New Guinea, which has passed out of German hands

THE MARINE OFFICE, VICTORIA, a town in the former German Cameroons, and now in the Cameroons Province of Nigeria. It does a large export trade in palm oil and palm nut kernels

The Unconventional Attire of Jewish Immigrants Arouses Arab Resentment

PALESTINE

The King David Hotel, Jerusalem, Headquarters of General Dill and His Staff

Charles E. Brown

A CAUSE OF HOSTILITY: A group of Jewish students in the grounds of Ben Shemen Agricultural College; young immigrants who are being trained to work in the farm colonies and are being taught modern farming practice. It will be noted that two of the girls are wearing short trousers—attire that has the merit of being practical, but arouses the resentment of the Arabs who, for the most part, dislike the unconventional ways of the new settlers

G.H.Q. IN THE HOLY CITY: The King David Hotel, Jerusalem, the palatial stone building where Lieut.-General J. G. Dill, who was recently appointed supreme commander of the British forces in Palestine, has established his headquarters and is conducting the campaign for restoring order among the Arabs. The hotel has two hundred bedrooms, the majority with running water, and cost a quarter of a million to build. It is situated on Julian's Way and from the terrace and front windows magnificent views of the old quarter are obtained

AN OLD LANDMARK TO DISAPPEAR: The church at Mardale, Westmorland, which is already partly demolished and is to be blown up by Territorials, experimenting with a new high explosive in a few days' time. It will afterwards be submerged when, under the new Manchester Corporation water supply scheme, a dam is built across the valley and the level of Haweswater is raised by 95 ft.

PLAYGROUND FOR THE PEOPLE: The bridge at Lode Mill—a picturesque feature of the 64 acres of land which have been acquired by the National Trust and make a fine addition to its extensive holdings in Dovedale, Derbyshire

BEAUTY—PERMANENT and PASSING

Mardale Church to be Submerged—Another Sixty-four Acres of Dovedale for the Nation

SAVED: St. Mary's Church, Teddington, which as a result of public protest and public subscriptions, has been fully restored and will be opened on September 30. It is of no great antiquity but contains many interesting memorials of the great

Peg Woffington's Church Restored

St. Mary's, Teddington, where a Queen, an Actress, and other Notabilities are Commemorated

WHEN the Bishop of Kensington re-opens St. Mary's Church, Teddington, Middlesex, on September 30, he will put the seal of success on a remarkable public protest against the decay of links with the past and their sacrifice to modern convenience and progress.

In 1887, Teddington having grown from a small village to a considerable and wealthy residential area, the vast stone church of St. Alban's was built just across the road from St. Mary's, the old parish church, now inadequate. This "gawky building over the way," as it was described by an eminent architect, was conceived on the scale of a cathedral, with the idea that it might some day be required as such; it is still only half built (£80,000 was spent and a similar sum is needed to finish it), yet it had the immediate effect not merely of dwarfing the beautiful little parish church, but of robbing St. Mary's of importance and thus initiating its neglect.

Thirty years ago there was a serious proposal to pull down St. Mary's. Fortunately it was reprieved on the plea that it might rather be allowed to fall down; some inspired cunning might almost be seen in this somewhat naïve suggestion, for now at last, having survived with only spasmodic attention, the church has been put into such a condition that it should long remain one of the most interesting relics in London's "dormitory" area.

TO AN IDOL OF THE BOARDS: The Peg Woffington Memorial, on a pillar near the new altar of St. Mary's, Teddington, is regarded as a notable survival into the reign of George III of a style of a century earlier

For eight years St. Mary's has been practically closed. The building had fallen into disrepair, and eventually damp gained such a hold, through the roof's faultiness and neglect, that services could no longer be held there.

About a year ago, however, a few local people with long-established associations with the parish realised that St. Mary's was, in fact, "falling down." A public meeting protested against this deliberate neglect, and appointed an active committee, who promptly appealed for £500 to save the only building of any considerable antiquity in the parish. How active they were is shown in the fact that they raised £720, and within a year have completed the work of renewing the roof, floor, woodwork, and making numerous improvements. The new altar, to be consecrated by the Bishop of Kensington, was presented by Mrs. Chinnery of Fringford Manor, Bicester, a former resident.

THIS ROYAL COAT OF ARMS above the main door of St. Mary's denotes the fact that Queen Adelaide, consort of William IV, attended service there

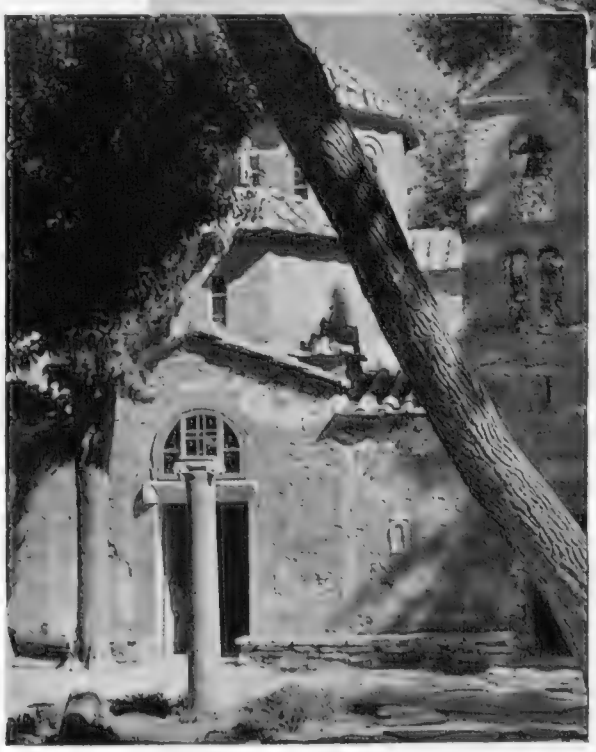
The oldest existing part of St. Mary's, the south aisle, dates back only to about 1506, but the church possesses several interesting architectural features and many notable memorials. Alterations and additions have been frequent. Dr. Stephen Hales, vicar of the parish and inventor of the ventilator, who is commemorated in Westminster Abbey, built the north aisle and tower in 1753. The cupola which surmounted this (added, it is said, because distant parishioners could not hear the bell) was removed some years ago, and although certain people would have it replaced, the general feeling is that the church's strikingly neat appearance is better

(Continued on page 524)

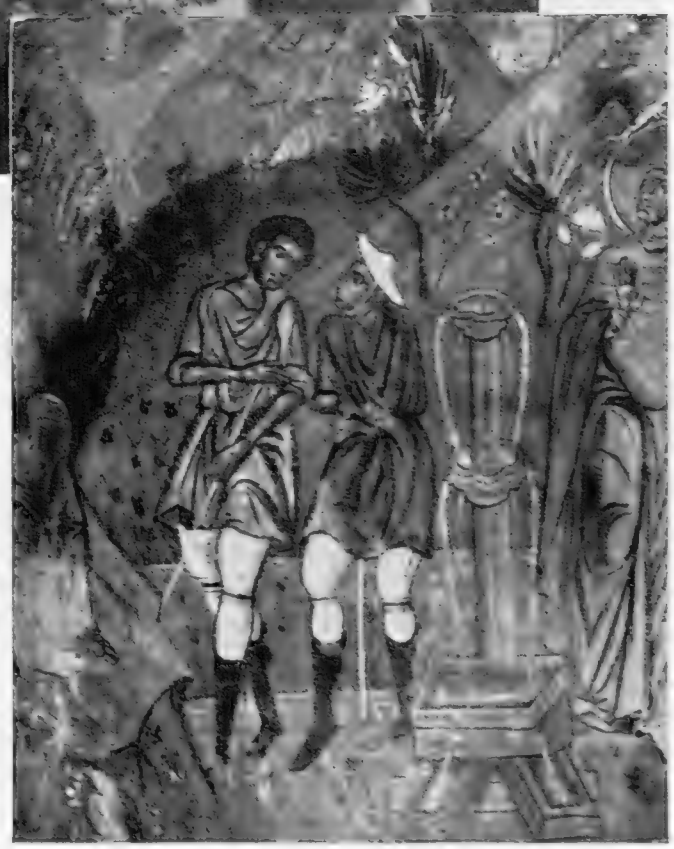
HIGH ABOVE THE ATTIC PLAIN: The deserted monastery of Kaisariani, a gem of Byzantine architecture half hidden among the eucalyptus trees on the slopes of Mount Hymettus. It dates from the eleventh century

BYZANTINE ART in CLASSIC GREECE

Those few who penetrate the refugee settlements and reach the foothills of Mount Hymettus, famed for its honey and purple colouring at sunset, are surprised at the sudden beauty of Kaisariani, for the little church and monastic buildings appear without warning at a bend in the path, warmly clothed by a little forest of eucalyptus, and sheltered by a steep gorge that abuts on the mountain. A temple of Aphrodite once bordered the spring whose water is still sold by the bucket in the streets of Athens. Classical remains are included in the Byzantine Church of the eleventh century. The tower and narthex, or entrance partition, are additions of later date, and the latter contains some remarkable seventeenth-century paintings by one Joannis Hypatos, a Peloponnesian artist



COLUMNS OF MAN AND NATURE: Another glimpse of the old monastery with its sheltering trees that add so much to its mystic charm. It is only six miles from Athens but, even so, is off the beaten track of the tourist



IN THE EARLY TRADITION: This mural, showing two men engaged in eager conversation, adorns the entrance of the monastery and is the work of a seventeenth-century Peloponnesian painter, Joannis Hypatos. They appear to be wearing garters and hose

Guinness and Oysters are Good for you

G E.577 A

BIRDS OF A FEATHER: Camera Studies of the Owl at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition

RETURN OF THE HUNTER: A flashlight picture taken at 11.30 p.m. of a barn owl about to enter its nesting hole in a tree with a young rat as food for its young. One of several camera studies by Eric J. Hosking, F.R.P.S., at the 81st annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society

LONE WATCHER OF THE NIGHT: A striking impression, by Oliver G. Pike, M.B.O.U., of the common tawny owl, a species found in most wooded parts of England, particularly in the Midlands, but now rapidly declining in numbers. Its eery cry hoo-hoo, or tu-whit tu-whoo, at night makes it easily recognised

THE BURROWING OWL—BY LAWRENCE HIBBERT, F.R.P.S.: This species is a native of the New World. On the prairies of North America it shares the burrows of the prairie dog and other mammals, while on the pampas of South America it lives in the holes of the armadillos and large lizards, or makes a hole for itself which is often invaded by rattlesnakes

+ + +

WITH AN ARTIST IN STRICKEN TOLEDO:

THE ALCAZAR IN ALL ITS GLORY: This drawing, showing the famous citadel dominating the heights above the Alcantara Bridge, is the work of Sidney Causer, R.I., and was completed by him a few days before the outbreak of the civil war. On Saturday of last week, when 1,400 men, women, and children had been besieged there by the Government troops for sixty-three days, the place was almost in ruins, and the defenders were making a last desperate stand in the cellars

Mr. Causer's pictures of the Alcazar, which will appear in his forthcoming exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, give an excellent idea of the situation of the place, and help in the interpretation of the news from Toledo. This citadel of many vicissitudes occupies the highest point in the city and stands on the site of a fort founded by Alonso VI in 1085 and developed under his successors into a castle and royal palace, receiving the title of Alcazar in the reign of Ferdinand the Saint. Charles V practically rebuilt it in its modern-day form with the aid of the most illustrious architects in Spain, but since then it has thrice been burned; in 1710, during the Spanish War of Succession, by General Staremberg; in 1810 by the French when they evacuated the place; and in 1887 by accident. Since 1882 the Alcazar has been used as a cadet school, and of recent years some of the rooms on the ground floor have been arranged to accommodate the Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry Museums formerly in Madrid. It is presumed that all the treasures housed there are now lost, and it seems certain that the building is past all hope of restoration.

BATTERED BY GOVERNMENT GUN-FIRE: One of the walls of the Alcazar as it appeared after weeks of shelling but before the mine was set off. *On right*—Snipers crouched on a neighbouring roof-top ready to fire on the defenders

Mr. Sidney Causer, whose pictures on these two pages are of such outstanding interest at this juncture in view of the sad fate of the historic Alcazar, paid a visit to Spain shortly before the beginning of the civil war. Toledo he found a city in decay, with an atmosphere wholly out of keeping with the noble traditions of the place. Everywhere there was a sense of impending storm; a storm that in a few days' time was to break with incredible violence as the forces of the Right and Left came to grips in Zocodover Square.

At every street corner, says Mr. Causer, groups of young men gathered during the day, imbibing the Communist doctrine that has spread throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, and on the walls of many a building dating from the days of imperial glory the dread hammer and sickle sign had made its appearance.

Views of the Alcazar Made Just Before the Outbreak of Hostilities

THE LAST OF A MIGHTY FORTRESS: Looking down on the Alcazar from above—another drawing made by Sidney Causer during his stay in Toledo. On one of the walls can be seen the hammer and sickle sign, while on the left is Zocodover Square, which was the scene of bitter fighting during the early days of the campaign and was the starting point for the mining operations which preceded the dynamiting of the citadel. On the right is the Hospital de Santa Cruz

AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM NOW A HEAP OF RUINS: The patio of the Alcazar, which is reported to be completely destroyed, was regarded as one of the finest features of the citadel, with its double arcades of Corinthian columns revealing a notable purity of style. The entire south end of this courtyard was occupied by a stairway of imposing dimensions. "If the traveller can only bring himself to forget Toledo's reduced estate as he enters this noble court," wrote Joseph Pijoan in his monumental work on World Art, "he is impressed by its historical majesty as by few other monuments in all the world"

THE CIVIL WAR IN

CONTRASTS AT BARCELONA: A sailor and a volunteer on duty on the quayside. A picture showing that even civil war has its unconscious humours. Recently things have been comparatively quiet in the city, but there is no doubt that when opportunity offers General Mola and his rebel troops will return to the attack

A VISIT TO THE GUADARRAMAS: Señor Largo Caballero (third from left), the General Secretary of the Spanish Trade Unions, who recently became Premier, and Señor Alvarez del Vayo (left), the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, pictured during a tour of the war zone north of Madrid where their

MADRID FACED WITH FOOD SHORTAGE: Citizens obtaining stores at an open-air distribution centre where they go at 7 o'clock every morning with their ration tickets. Last week it was reported that supplies in the capital were running low

CATALAN G.H.Q.: Loyalist officers receivinst the Huesca front where the rebels were rently Watching the arrival of an ambulance at onef th

ITS THIRD MONTH

presence did much to hearten the hard pressed loyalist defenders. During the early days of the civil war Señor Caballero actually took part in the fighting in this mountainous region and, since he has been called to high office, his first-hand knowledge of conditions at the front has undoubtedly served him in good stead

ARTILLERY HAVOC ON THE ARAGON FRONT: A gaping hole made by shell fire in a village near Huesca. The girl in the foreground belongs to the Amazon battalion of the 5th Government Militia Regiment. She is evidently a new recruit, as her forage cap is the only item in her attire that distinguishes her from a civilian

instructions before leaving Barcelona for
ently having the worst of matters. *Below*—
ne the Barcelona hospitals, formerly a church

THE INVADERS WELCOMED: Rebel officers acclaimed by the populace as they entered San Sebastian, the town having been abandoned by the Government militia without any attempt at defence. But for this it would have shared the fate of neighbouring Irun

THE CORDILLERA BAR, TRIESTE
Count Armaila (Frederick Lloyd) arrives at the water-front café where he meets Anna (Lucie Mannheim, seated at table on left). Seeing in her an unexpected refinement and learning of her illness, he decides to provide her with clothes and send her to recuperate in a sanatorium in Tirol. The opening scene in *Girl Unknown*, the play by Ferenc Molnar, which has just begun its run at the New Theatre

CURRENT DRAMA:

MADEMOISELLE is a first-rate entertainment without being a good play. But she would have been a good deal more sensible had she come from Armentières—which is a very long way from Wyndham's Theatre. It is, however, nearer Paris, and this sophisticated comedy is, quite apart from the fact that it has been adapted from the French, more Parisian than Londonish. So is, nowadays, Mr. Noel Coward, who has produced it with admirable skill. He seems to have imbued *Mademoiselle* with some of his own polished artificiality in addition to its large dose of original sin or (according to the point of view) original virtue.

The course was a wise one, and Mr. Coward and the Misses Audrey and Waveney Carter, who have adapted the piece into the snappy English of the period (which is 1936 to the split second), have managed to stay it. Like more than one production of the present autumn season, *Mademoiselle* reeks of the theatre. The theatre, when one comes to think of it, is not a place for a play to reek of, and it is at least better to reek of that than either the cinema or the consulting room.

But when I find this diverting stuff hailed as "the play of the year" and a masterpiece comparable to any in the masterpiece class, I smother my indignation and bethink me for comfort of Mr. James Agate and his recent remark about the ill-founded ecstasies of those colleagues on whose tender mouths the milk of Oxford is not dry. It is a paradox that these are the very folk who would turn up their young noses at the artificiality of Sardou, Pinero, or Henry Arthur Jones.

There is not a character in *Mademoiselle* which does not come out of the stock pot. But the quality is good, and they have been done to a turn. The dried-up governess herself is French rather than English, but impossible on either side of the Channel. Had she been an unattractive grotesque I could have swallowed her hatred of men coupled with a fierce desire for maternity; the fiercer because it had been baulked. Since in this case, for all Miss Madge Titheradge's brilliant playing of the part, or possibly because of it, there was attractiveness and allure, as well as a deadly sense of logic in every fibre of her, reality went to the winds.

Such creatures do not hate men; they are not built that way. Moreover, they are obviously born to attract them, and mother-love, and all that goes with it, is part of the bargain. As that very complete woman, the late Marie Lloyd, used to sing, "It ain't so much a duty as a pleasure." I found it, talking obstetrically, much less likely that the character well played by Miss Greer Garson should have had a baby; for Miss Garson, in the course of the brilliant *virtuoso* performance we now expect of her, displayed such shrewdness beneath her tragic tensity when she was "in trouble" that I was convinced that the infant would at least have been born adorned with grease-paint, in the unlikely event of its being born at all.

None the less, Miss Titheradge's practical sympathy for Miss Garson forms the basis of a play in which there is not one moment of tedium. And perhaps the best part of it all is the worldly and adorable inanity of Miss Isabel Jeans. Miss Jeans proves that the most acceptable type of artificiality is that from which tenseness is "leagues and a thousand miles away."

A PARTY AT DR. CONRAD'S SANATORIUM, where Anna (left) takes a delight in the life that has been so miraculously granted to her, but dreads the day when it must end, for the Count has limited the period of her stay to a month. Another scene from *Girl Unknown*

"Girl Unknown."—I gather that the original intention was to call *Girl Unknown*, the adaptation at the New Theatre from that prolific Hungarian, Herr Molnar, *The Girl from Trieste*, and that the title was abandoned on the score that it suggested one—a musical-comedy score.

Well, parts of this play could have done with a little music, but that is by the way. To have called it *Girl Unknown* was singularly unfortunate; for of all the familiar stage girls this girl is the best known of all. She is our old friend—the girl who has sinned, the scarlet woman, the gay lady, the poor waif who lives a life of shame, but whose soul is marching on, and who longs—oh, so longingly does she long—for a better, purer life. When it comes her way, she clings desperately to the love of a good man and strives to hide the past from him lest she should lose that love. Poor, pathetic child of the underworld! Let those who are without sin among us cast the first stone at her and at her kind. For there, but for the grace of God . . . .

(I find it very difficult to avoid writing like this whenever this young lady bobs up on the London stage. But I have at least told you the plot of *Girl Unknown*. Why on earth should we have had to go all the way to Hungary to dig it up again?)

Anna, the heroine, worked in a café-bar in Trieste, where she looked very triste. That was not surprising. Such an appalling din made me pretty dismal after a couple of minutes in a comfortable stall at the New Theatre. Anna had to endure it night after night on a much less comfortable seat, with amorous drunkards slobbering over her. I have never been in a café-bar (reddish-light type) in Trieste; but I have visited similar establishments, unashamed but not naked, in Marseilles, Algiers, Bordeaux, Bombay, Tahiti, and most places "from here to Mesopotamy," and I will warrant that if a quarter of the row made in St. Martin's Lane were made in any of them, the police would have been along before the cutest inmate could have said "me-no-spik-Eengleesh-but-how-mucha-you-give."

From that clatter Anna was whisked away in a manner that does not matter very much to a sanatorium in the Tirol of paralysing dullness. She endured it without a yodel because it was respectable and because everyone thought her respectable until a man arrived who had seen her in that café-bar. And then . . . as the old films used to say.

Miss Lucie Mannheim managed to Bergner her way through this stagey and hackneyed material in highly adept fashion. She is a sincere and most accomplished actress, and never makes the mistake of overdoing it. She is supported more than competently by Mr. Frederick Lloyd, Miss Helen Ferrers, Mr. H. G. Stoker, and Miss Margaret Webster who has adapted the play and has made as good a job of it as is humanly possible. But the author seems at times to have been intentionally dull. Artificial plays are tolerable when they are slick and go with a swing. When they are drab there is no excuse for them.

ENTANGLEMENT: *Left*—Anna and Max (Marius Goring), the local post office clerk who has fallen in love with her and whom she persuades to cut off all messages from Count Armaila to the head of the sanatorium, so that she can continue her stay. But in the end she has to go and she is pictured (*right*) at the railway station before her departure. With her are Nurse Lisa (Margaret Webster) and Dr. Conrad (Wyndham Goldie)

"This'll Make You Whistle."—Had I not seen a second musical comedy in the same week, of which more (though

On right—"THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE": Elsie Randolph, who co-stars with Jack Buchanan in the new show which has come to the Palace Theatre after a prolonged try-out in Greater London and the Provinces. Modifications have been made since its first presentation with the result that a mediocre musical comedy has been transformed into first-rate entertainment

"Mademoiselle"—First-rate Entertainment without Being a Good Play : Lucie Mannheim Makes the Best of "Girl Unknown" : Jack Buchanan Does It Again

Reviewed by Philip Page

not much) anon, I might have said of *This'll Make You Whistle*, at the Palace Theatre, that one has only to choose an established favourite, such as Mr. Jack Buchanan, spend a certain amount of money, select a couple of authors with musical successes to their credit, and a triumph is as certain as anything in this uncertain world can ever be.

I now realise that the process is not so easy as all that, and I offer to the authors, composers, producers, lyric-writers, dance-arrangers, and so forth of this cheery piece, my abundant congratulations on its success. If one does not double up in painful ecstasies of merriment, if one does not bow gratefully to a super-droll, as one does to that genius, Leslie Henson, one is kept most pleasantly amused for a couple of hours by some cheerful fooling, by the efforts of three high-spirited young men to rescue one of them from an undesirable engagement and establish him in a desirable one, by an amazingly youthful chorus, and by a general air of competence. The piece hits the mark at which it aims, and that is not so easy as it may seem to be.

Devotion to Mr. Jack Buchanan is, like patriotism, not enough. Not that I cannot understand that devotion. Yet Mr. Buchanan, though an admirable dancer, is not—and I know he won't mind my saying so—a Fred Astaire, whose performance a few years ago on this same stage I fell at times to remembering. He is an admirable comedian and can be genuinely funny; but he is not one of the great comics of musical comedy. He has, however, qualities of his own which make him an ideal attraction in entertainments of this type—his elegance, his neatness, his sunny good nature, and his utter lack of that complacency which in the case of not a few idols in the same category is apt to induce an itching in the right toe of the male spectator.

LEADING LIGHTS OF *MADEMOISELLE*: Greer Garson, as the flighty Christianne, and Madge Titheradge, as the governess, both give fine performances in this Noel Coward production at Wyndham's. During the past year Miss Garson's acting has been making rapid headway, and in this piece she reveals her dramatic powers to the full

With him, in legal parlance, are Mr. William Kendall, whose line in this play is amusing mock-heroics, and Mr. David Hutcheson, who has a stentorian voice and long, loose legs and makes most diverting use of both. The "book" is no masterpiece of wit, but this trio and Mr. Charles Stone, excellent as a sort of musical-comedy Stiggins, are well provided with lines that raise laughs, and that is something—in fact, a great deal.

There is a brilliant and deliciously dainty young newcomer in Miss Jean Gillie, who plays the girl to whom Mr. Buchanan wishes to become engaged. Miss Gillie has a sly sense of fun, is a first-rate dancer, is as pretty as the best (English) peach, and has that attractive quality of extreme youth—a tiny touch of the *gauche* which is so much to be preferred to a great big touch of sophistication. Miss Elsie Randolph sustains a very large part with indefatigable vigour and is a good comedienne.

"Certainly, Sir!"—This decidedly melancholy affair at the London Hippodrome is a proof that, as I have indicated above, famous names are not enough. Mr. George Robey, that really great man who remains at his zenith and whose powers are undiminished, was so wretchedly provided for that, except for a few brilliant moments when he managed to turn dross into some sort of gold, the only feeling he produced in me was sympathy. My sympathy, too, goes to bright Miss Renée Houston. They had to be funny about an alleged corpse—and when this was referred to as a "cadaver," I could only think of the German corpse factories of war-time memory, and lament that that usually cheery resort, the Hippodrome, should have become one.

On left—COMEDY AT DALY'S: Antony Holles, who gives a diverting sketch of a music publisher, Diana Churchill, and Richard Bird in *The Composite Man*—a new play by Ronald Jeans

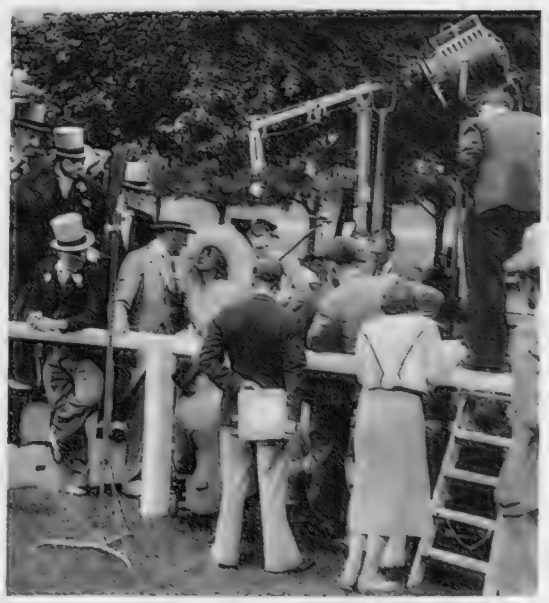
FARCE AT THE SHAFTESBURY: Yvonne Arnaud, with her delightful and familiar air of unblushing but childlike effrontery, is at her best in *Laughter in Court*, in which she co-stars with Ronald Squire. It has clearly come to the West End for a long and successful stay

Towards the close of the last act a part of the audience grew extremely discontented. Just as the curtain was about to fall, a small boy sang a treble song. I did not like it and the moment was singularly inopportune. But wrath in the auditorium was to some extent appeased.

I have read that in Spain at the moment they place children at the head of attacking troops. . . .

Forthcoming Productions.—Turgeniev's *A Month in the Country* is to be given as the opening play of Anmer Hall's repertory season, beginning at the Westminster on Wednesday, September 30. Gillian Scaife will play Natalie, Dennis Arundell Rakitin, Cherry Cottrell Natalie's young ward, and Stephen Murray the tutor. Other plays to be presented during the season will be Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, a new play by Salley Carson, the *Crooked Cross*, and Granville Barker's *Waste*. All of the plays are to be produced by Michael MacOwan. . . . André Charlot, who has made many discoveries in the past, has decided to cast his new production with a number of young players none of whom as yet is really well known. The average age of the cast will be twenty-two.

Shakespeare in Coronation Year.—The present Shakespeare Festival season concludes its 24 weeks' run with a performance of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Arrangements for next year (states *The Stage*, of September 17) are that the Coronation Festival will run for a period of 26 weeks. For the first time Shakespeare's plays will be played for six consecutive months in the town which gave Shakespeare to the world. Easter Monday, March 29, will see the first performance, whilst the closing date will be September 25. An interesting innovation is foreshadowed by the proposal to hold a conference on the Study of Shakespeare's Plays. Dr. G. B. Harrison, of the University of London, will organise the conference and will be assisted by distinguished Shakespearean authorities who will deliver lectures. The suggested dates for the conference are August 23 to September 4. The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will remain open at the conclusion of the Festival, when touring attractions will be presented



MARLENE DIETRICH and other members of the cast taking part in the scene representing the Ascot of 1913, one of the major episodes in the new London Films show *Knight Without Armour*. The whole production unit went down to Ascot for the occasion

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN ACTION: A scene on board the 10,000-ton Italian cruiser *Bolzano*, showing the gunners wearing gas masks. Germany also employs this double-barrelled type

THE AIR ARM: Every cruiser in the Italian Navy carries seaplanes which are discharged by catapult and returned to the deck by means of a crane. There are no aircraft carriers in the service

HOISTING THE COLOURS: The officer stands at attention with his head bared while the men are at the present. Another scene on the *Bolzano*, where all three pictures on this page were taken recently. In the past the Italian authorities have avoided such publicity, but a change has taken place in their attitude

ITALY'S NEW NAVY

A Formidable Array of Modern Cruisers Reinforced by Over Fifty High-Speed Destroyers

By KENNETH EDWARDS
(Lt.-Commander, R.N.)

EVER since the first threat of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute last year the Italian navy has been something of an enigma. Naturally Italy, faced with the possibility of hostilities on all sides, was not disposed to advertise the details of her ships and men. And, possibly as a result of insufficient information, the Italian navy became, in the public eye, a sort of bogey man possessed of all manner of unbelievable qualities.

During the past months Italy has shown that she would like to be friends once again with the British Empire. She was exceedingly helpful when the problem of naval limitation was under discussion in London last March. She has made no attempts to keep the main characteristics of her navy secret from the other naval powers. But she is in a peculiar position. Partly because of this and partly as a result of the mutual suspicion which arose last year the Italian navy is, in Great Britain, a much misunderstood force.

The main characteristics of the Italian navy are those which have been dictated to it by the geographical position of the country. She nas built ships capable of high speeds for limited periods—sufficient for the commitments of the Mediterranean, but insufficient to deal with commitments such as those which face the British Empire.

It is for this reason that, if one compares the designed speeds of the ships built for Italy —and indeed for France—with those built for the Royal Navy one will in almost every case find the craft of the British Empire in a position of inferiority.

That is not to say that the Italian ships are entirely fair weather craft. Many of the Italian ships are remarkably seaworthy and robust. It is merely a difference in requirements.

It is in accordance with the basic requirements of the Mediterranean that Italy has concentrated of late years upon vessels of high speed and comparatively small tonnage. It was only late in 1934 that Italy, faced with capital ship construction on the part of France, started to build two battleships of the maximum size of 35,000 tons. And these ships are still far from being completed. Two other Italian battleships, both of which were completed towards the beginning of the great war have recently undergone extensive modernisation.

It is in cruisers that Italy's chief material strength lies. She can boast seven modern ships mounting eight 8-in. guns; the *Bolzano*, of which photographs appear on this page, is one of them.

Italy also has twelve 6-in. gun cruisers of modern design. This formidable force of modern cruisers is reinforced by over fifty modern destroyers. These vary in size from ships which could hardly be expected to operate successfully for considerable periods in an Atlantic winter to vessels individually more powerful than those in the British Fleet. All these ships are capable of very high speeds.

Italy is one of the foremost submarine Powers of the world, possessing over sixty modern and highly efficient underwater craft.

But it is in adaptation of modern developments that the Italian navy is perhaps pre-eminent. Aircraft are used with the naval units on every possible occasion. Every cruiser carries seaplanes which can be discharged from catapults. The Italian fleet organisation has, as an integral part, the co-operation of aircraft in almost every situation. And yet Italy possesses no aircraft carriers. The reason lies in the geographical position of the country. As soon as there is prospect of the Italian fleet having to operate beyond aircraft range of shore bases one may be sure that aircraft carriers will appear in the Italian Fleet.

Much has been said during recent months of the Italian "sea sleds." On the face of it these craft appear to be most formidable—small high-speed motor boats capable of discharging torpedoes and relying upon their very high speed to save them from enemy gunfire. Italy has large numbers of these craft, and there is no doubt that they would be of the greatest use in the Mediterranean in good weather and against a nation not provided with properly protected bases in the right place.

The personnel of the Italian navy is excellent. The men are on the average younger than in any other navy except that of Germany. The Fascist regime has infused into them a morale of which any navy might well be proud.

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CONQUEST of the PRICKLY PEAR

Australia's Fight Against a Menace to Her Farm Lands

DEFYING MAN: A dense growth of prickly pear which forced the settler to abandon the cultivation of his land. A picture taken in the Chinchilla district in 1928

AUSTRALIA'S gallant and successful fight against the national menace of prickly pear must surely go down in history as a triumph of enterprise against overwhelming odds, and the victory has been won by perhaps the greatest biological experiment which the world has ever known.

The enormous task of checking the extraordinary spread of this pest, the prickly pear, can hardly be grasped by those who are not familiar with the vast extent of the outback of this continent. Some idea of the peril may be realised when it can be claimed that by the year 1900 this plant had engulfed with its octopus-like tentacles and ruined an area of 10,000,000 acres.

Twenty years later a conservative estimate is that 60,000,000 acres in Queensland and New South Wales were more or less infested, an area larger than that of the whole of Great Britain.

In 1911 it had become apparent that Nature would have to be enlisted as an ally in the fight against the pest. A scientific Board of advice was appointed to inquire into the whole question, and this was really the first step towards success. Two recommendations of the Board had important results; the first decided upon an experimental station, and the second was the decision to send a commission abroad to inquire into the possibility of using natural enemies of the prickly pear for the destruction of the plant.

The experimental station was established under the charge of Dr. Jean White-Haney and exhaustive experiments on the chemical side were carried out, which led to the discovery of an arsenic acid which turned out to be a most effective pear poison.

Dr. T. Harvey Johnston of the Queensland University and Mr. Henry Tryon spent eighteen months abroad investigating in countries where prickly pear was a native.

As a result, wild cochineal insects were sent from Ceylon and bred up at the experimental station, afterwards being placed in the tree pear opuntia monacantha by the late Mr. A. Temple Clerk, who was keenly interested in this work.

The cochineal insects attacked this pear with marked success and soon almost wiped it out, but this variety, although widely distributed over Northern Queensland, extending over thousands of acres, was not the main pear menace.

It was now realised that check, if not extermination, was possible by biological means, and the search for a suitable remedy was confined to this method.

MEETING ITS MATCH: Prickly pear killed by the cactoblastis insect introduced into Australia for the purpose

ravages of prickly pear, and rendered these lands again fit to be brought into production.

The cactoblastis insect was first brought into Australia by the prickly pear travelling commission in 1914 from the Botanic Gardens at La Plata, South America. None of the caterpillars then introduced reached the adult stage.

In 1924 Mr. Doddre discovered cactoblastis in South America and was at last successful in introducing it into Queensland.

A laboratory was established at Sherwood, Brisbane, where the insects were acclimatised, bred, and despatched to the field stations at Chinchilla, Gogango, and Goondiwindi in Queensland, and also to a station in New South Wales.

Those in charge had no light undertaking, it was an experiment never before undertaken on such a scale in any country and required high technical skill.

Many insects were investigated and although valuable work was also done by a species of cochineal and red spider, the caterpillar of the plain brown moth cactoblastis cactorum was found to be the really effective agent of destruction and is therefore the hero of this story.

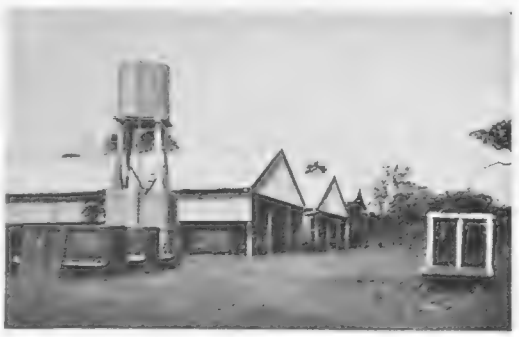
The first shipment of cactoblastis in 1925 consisted of under 3,000 eggs from the Argentine. During the first twelve months the reproduction was 900 fold.

The life cycle of the cactoblastis is very similar to that of a silkworm. The eggs of the moth take on an average about four weeks to hatch from the time of their being laid. The grubs after hatching are fed freely on the prickly pear causing its rapid destruction, and as it lives in colonies of from forty to a hundred grubs in a pad its work is very spectacular.

The grubs carry on their work for varying periods, usually for about six weeks in the summer brood, when on reaching maturity they spin their

(Continued on a later page)

THE FIELD STATION AT GOONDIWINDI, QUEENSLAND: Here cactoblastis insects are prepared for distribution on the land, where they are proving effective agents of destruction in the fight now being waged against the prickly pear



G.H.Q.: The station where the insects are bred before despatch to the various field stations

EMPLOYEES OF THE PRICKLY PEAR LAND COMMISSION with a load of cactoblastis eggs for liberation in the "pear" infested Warwick district

IN THE LIKENESS OF MAN: A remarkable close-up impression of the Spanish horse insect, the only insect invested with the power of turning its head as humans do

BLONDIN OF THE INSECT WORLD: Balancing on a waving cornstalk quite undisturbed by the violence of the wind

ITS NATURAL PREY: A Spanish horse insect about to pounce on a butterfly which it regards as a great delicacy. Its powerful back enables it to strike with lightning rapidity

THE SPANISH HORSE INSECT

And its Many Strange Attributes

In to the BLUE

Once away from the formality of every-day life there is nothing to equal the casual comfort of well-cut slacks. Those on the right are made in navy blue jersey, ribbed and woven with Lastex at the waist. The white lisle shirt is spotted in blue, and is made exclusively for Robert Douglas, of 21, New Bond Street, W., who also have it in yellow and brick

Sunny days ashore call for a silk suit, simple but gay. Immediately below is a Robert Douglas model in tie silk subtly patterned in deep red, black and white. The skirt has a pleat at each side of the front and back panels, and the jacket has straight shoulders and a red belt. It can be made to measure in exquisitely coloured silks for 7½ guineas, and the jaunty 25s. hat is of green felt with red silk cords

Half the joy of travelling is lost if one's clothes need a lot of looking after. An evening dress that is practical and distinguished is shown on the far right. Made in black face cloth (this autumn it is chic to use cloth instead of silks in the evening) it has a full flared tunic with a deep V at the back and soft drapery carried across to the side. The slender line of the skirt is unbroken by the deep slit at the front. This is a model from Harrods, of Knightsbridge

Debonair in Slacks and Spots

Tailored in Tie Silk

BLAZING THE TRAIL: The first car to travel over the Col de l'Iseran in the French Alps, one of Europe's highest highways, was that of M. Borrell, French senator from Savoy who, with M. Gex, Chief Engineer for roads and bridges, officiated at the inaugural ceremony early this month

THE PETROL WORLD

Reviewing the New Ford V8—Worse than Useless Signposts—When a Car Is Not a Car

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

THE production of an entirely new Ford car is certainly an outstanding event in the motor world. A few weeks ago the Ford Motor Co. Ltd., introduced a new Ford V8, having an engine rated at 22 h.p. and carrying, therefore, an annual tax of £16 10s. The 30-h.p. Ford V8 has, of course, been on the market for a considerable time and enjoys an immense popularity, but in view of the tax which British motorists have to pay on the basis of engine size the makers thought, and I am inclined to agree with them, that a very large number of British motorists are desirous of owning a Ford V8 which gives them features of performance which cannot be obtained with any other car but yet shy at paying the comparatively large tax demanded. Hence the introduction of this Ford V8 with a smaller engine.

It must not be thought that this new car is merely the present large Ford V8 chassis and body with a smaller power unit. In actual fact the new car has been completely designed afresh with the new 22-h.p. engine as the one and only power unit to be fitted. The new car is more compact in overall length than the higher powered model, yet the seating accommodation has not suffered in any way. The seating is of new design affording a natural and comfortable sitting position and the system of weight distribution and suspension, which has proved so successful in the case of the larger Ford V8, is used. The general design of the engine follows that of the larger unit but a number of improvements, such as a larger capacity cooling system, have been incorporated.

The new bodywork is distinctly pleasing and is quite different from that which is associated with the larger car. To commence with the radiator grille, which is curved, the streamlined mascot, the long bonnet, the headlamps, and the wings, all contribute to creating a very distinctive front view. The top of the bonnet lifts instead of the sides as on most cars. It is counterbalanced for ease of handling and when raised allows the important engine units, most of which are mounted on top of the cylinder block, to be readily accessible. The rear view of the car is also distinctive and at the same time pleasing. The tail encloses large luggage space, which is accessible from any side of the car, whilst the spare wheel is housed in a built-in locker with a hinged cover. Mounted centrally on the rear panel is the back number plate which is illuminated by transmitted light.

The car, or at any rate the flooring inside the body, is lower than on the larger model. The seats are wide and deep and are placed slightly higher from the floor than usual, with the object of giving the occupants armchair comfort. The instruments have been completely redesigned and are placed, as has been the case for many years in Ford cars, directly in front of the driver. I have not yet driven this new model, but I can well believe that its performance is very impressive, particularly when one remembers that this smaller engine weighs 178 lb. less than that of the larger car. There is no doubt that this new Ford will sell in thousands very quickly. It looks at least a £500 job, but it is sold with a four-door saloon body completely equipped at the ridiculously low figure of £210.

Writing about Fords prompts me to mention that I am now the proud owner of one of the 30-h.p. V8 models. I bought this car second-hand for the amazing sum of £135. It had done, before I bought it, 11,000 miles, and there was scarcely a scratch on the body. I have now run it about three weeks, and covered over 1,200 miles on it and, with the exception of one occasion when the lights went out due to disturbed wiring to the tail lamp, I have not had any trouble whatsoever with the car. The more I drive the car the more I am amazed at it. I am also extracting fun from it, because every time I pass a car, which is fairly frequently, I chuckle with delight and think of the ridiculous price I paid for it. There is nothing of the cheap and nasty touch, either as regards appearance or performance. Certainly a car such as this makes people like myself, who have been connected with the motor industry for nearly thirty years, think very seriously.

Although I realise that the Ministry of Transport have done and are doing much useful work in improving the signposts of the country it does seem to me that a bit more speed is required if any great improvement is to be shown before most of us are in our graves. Recently I have been doing quite an amount of cross-country runs over strange roads, and on far too many occasions I have lost myself because the signposts were hopelessly at fault. On these cross-country runs one does not expect to find the name of a town a hundred miles distant on the local signpost, but when one follows the direction indicated by one arm bearing the name of the next village, a driver is completely lost when the next signpost at a fork does not mention the name of that village on any of its arms. That kind of absurdity I have run across far too often, and I can see no possible excuse for these old-fashioned and worse than useless signposts remaining.

At the recent meeting of the British Association Mr. Fryer of the Automobile Association put forward what I consider is one of the most sensible suggestions regarding roads which have ever been published. Most people who have studied the question of road development, including myself, have considered that the road of to-morrow should consist of an up and down carriage-way, with the necessary paths for pedestrians and cyclists. Mr. Fryer, however, goes one better and states that in order to meet the requirements of the future the road must have three carriage-ways to deal with fast moving traffic alone. One would be for up traffic, another for down traffic, and the third to be for either up or down, according to whether the greater flow of traffic was up or down.

He instanced the London-Brighton or London-Portsmouth roads, where in the morning, if there were only two carriage-ways, the one leading to Brighton or Portsmouth would be hopelessly over-crowded, whilst the one taking the traffic in the opposite direction would be comparatively empty. The suggestion of a third carriage-way is in consequence distinctly good and after all it would only be copying the example of the London Passenger Transport Board who at certain of the more important Underground stations provide an extra escalator, which they allocate to up or down traffic according to the direction of the "rush."

After having criticised very severely the restriction of speed to 30 m.p.h. on many roads which technically had to be included, owing to the number and position of the lamp-posts thereon, it is gratifying to see, as I do, numerous communications, both from the A.A. and the R.A.C. that certain of the roads have been de-restricted. In most cases our two great motoring organisations have had a fearful tussle to have the alteration effected, and again in some instances the Ministry of Transport has had to over-ride the decisions of the local council. At the same time the A.A. and R.A.C. have still a lot of useful work to do in this direction. I could mention quite a number of places where the familiar 30 m.p.h. discs should be replaced by the black and white de-restriction signs, but I will content myself with asking once more why I have to creep at 30 m.p.h. from Cambridge for four solid miles, when I am returning to London each week-end. At least half this stretch is an immensely broad road with scarcely a bend, pavements on each side, and just a few scattered houses standing in their own grounds. I do not remember hearing for quite a long time of any roads which were not restricted being restricted. I think there are quite a number of places which should be dealt with in this way, and I am strongly of opinion that the A.A. and R.A.C. would be assisting motoring in general if they were to suggest that 30 m.p.h. limits should be imposed in those places which the majority of reasonably minded motorists would approve.

STEPS TO SAFER MOTORING: The latest 1937 Hillman Hawk "Safety" Saloon in the picturesque village of Penshurst. The Hillman six-cylinder programme for the coming season reveals continuity of well-tried models, among which are the Sixteen, Hawk, and "80"

A case of unusual interest to owners, and prospective owners, of three-wheelers was heard recently at Ystrad Police Court, near Cardiff. It concerned a motorist, the holder of a provisional driving licence, who was summoned for driving his three-wheeler (of a well-known make) whilst unaccompanied by a qualified driver. The prosecution maintained that, according to the regulations, every holder of a provisional licence should be accompanied by an experienced person whilst driving any motor vehicle, except a motor cycle or an invalid carriage. The solicitor for the defence (instructed by the R.A.C.) submitted that the vehicle was not a motor car under any regulation or Act; it had less than four wheels, weighed less than 8 cwt., and therefore was a "motor cycle" within the meaning of the Road Traffic Acts and the regulations. The case was adjourned for fourteen days in order that the view of the prosecution might be argued by the County prosecuting solicitor. Before that period had elapsed, however, the solicitor for the defence was notified that the summons had been withdrawn by the police, as they had been advised that no offence had been committed by the defendant.

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CONTINUATIONS

CONQUEST OF THE PRICKLY PEAR (Continued from page 508)

cocoons which are hidden under bark, logs, or debris of any kind. The cocoons remain as such for a period of about one month before emerging into the moth stage.

When the moths emerge the females deposit their eggs on the prickly pear plants in peculiar chains or egg sticks. These egg sticks resemble very small bits of twigs and are not unlike the prickly pear thorn. The average number of eggs to a stick is about eighty and each female lays on the average from 150 to 200 eggs. The moth lives only for three or four days and dies almost immediately after laying its eggs, and so the life cycle goes on.

There are two and a half generations each year and the increase in twelve months is therefore so great as to be absolutely astounding.

When the insect was introduced the first steps taken were to breed it up in cages and ascertain definitely that, as many wiseacres predicted, another pest was not being introduced into Australia which would ultimately prove a menace to economic crops.

It was proved conclusively after exhaustive tests that cactoblastis could live only on prickly pear, and in a very few cases where damage was done to other crops such as melons and green tomatoes it was discovered that this was simply caused by the supply of pear having been eaten out, and with natural instinct for self preservation for the completion of its life cycle it had attempted to keep itself alive on the most likely looking food supply available. It was proved definitely that these attempts were fatal to the cactoblastis while the damage done was negligible.

Having played safe and being at last on sure ground, the Commission commenced active warfare by making liberations broadcast in the field. The first liberations made were necessarily of the cage-bred eggs, and for a while the method adopted was to have the egg-sticks attached to small pieces of gummed paper about the size of a postage stamp, which were pinned to the leaves of the prickly pear plant. Thousands of boxes of eggs were distributed in this manner, and a fleet of motor trucks were engaged in the work, but as time went on experience proved other methods to be more satisfactory.

The disadvantage of the first system was the exposure of the eggs to the weather and the attack of ants.

Later on the best system was evolved of enclosing the egg-sticks in small waterproof paper tubes, about the size of a cigarette, which were pinned on to the pear plant in a satisfactory and protected position.

From a modest distribution of cage-bred eggs, the supplies for the offensive increased, and naturally vast collections of eggs were made in the open field and kept the motor trucks working at high pressure to distribute in the main areas of infestation.

Land-holders, at first supplied with eggs from the department, were educated and encouraged to collect and distribute for themselves, to their ultimate gain, as many have retrieved huge areas of ruined land which are to-day smiling and fertile farms.

SOUTH AFRICA'S WEMBLEY: An aerial view of the Johannesburg Jubilee Exhibition which occupies a 100-acre site in the grounds of the Witwatersrand Agricultural Society and which was opened last week by the Earl of Clarendon, Governor-General of the Union, in the presence of 15,000 people. During the inaugural ceremony a broadcast was made of messages of goodwill by six Empire Premiers—Mr. Baldwin (Great Britain), General Hertzog (South Africa), Mr. Mackenzie King (Canada), Mr. Lyons (Australia), Mr. Savage (New Zealand), and Mr. Huggins (Southern Rhodesia)

Within these few years the insects had multiplied enormously and distributed themselves throughout the whole of the pear-infested lands.

The destruction of large areas of dense prickly pear by cactoblastis only commenced in 1929. Three years later the great proportion of the original and primary pear had collapsed except in a few districts such as the Hunter Valley of New South Wales.

The spectacular destruction of the original pear was followed by waves of regrowth from the butts and roots since the plant is extremely tenacious of life. It was first of all feared that artificial reinfestation of the cactoblastis might be necessary among the regrowth. Such fortunately has not been required as the insect has proved capable of rapid recovery from temporary set-backs, and can multiply from very small to enormous numbers in twelve to eighteen months when food and climatic conditions are suitable.

To-day though re-growth exists in many districts in most localities it is well under control. Very large tracts of country are now fit for development, either for closer settlement or for grazing purposes.

A MIGHTY AMERICAN AQUEDUCT (Continued from page 493)

supplies—provisions, water, and tools—had to be carried. In the desert the thermometer often registered 130 deg. Fahr. in the shade, and on the mountain tops the party had to force a path through deep snowdrifts with a temperature far below zero. It proved arduous and trying work.

Then came the making of hundreds of miles of oiled surface highways over which men and heavy machinery and material were conveyed to the construction camps, there being thirty-one in all scattered along the route. Twenty-two wells were drilled in the desert, from which water is carried to the camps. The electric power used for operating the machinery in the tunnels was brought a distance of 450 miles. A whole year was spent in erecting this line alone, with its thirty sub-stations.

At the construction camps 4,400 men are now at work. The tunnels are being driven at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles per month, and the great aqueduct is expected to be completed by 1940. It is being constructed by the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California.

H. J. Shepstone

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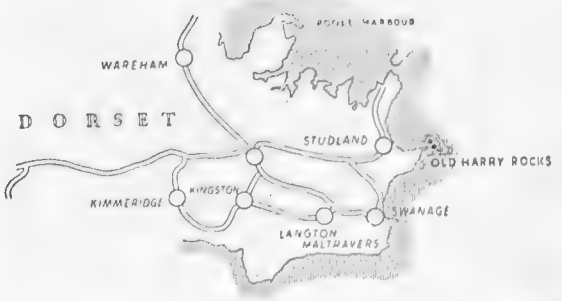

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TWO DOWN IN FIVE MINUTES

By The FOOTBALL CORRESPONDENT

SCHWEPPES Tonics proved a great draw at the 'White Hart' last night. Keen, clean and bubbling with life, they scored twice in less than five minutes and then managed to pass a third inside. Towards closing time the opposition (who had been heading for other drinks than Schweppes) found themselves with no inside left and heavy charges had taken a lot out of them. On this sparkling showing I have no hesitation in predicting that Schweppes Tonics will remain at the head of the table.

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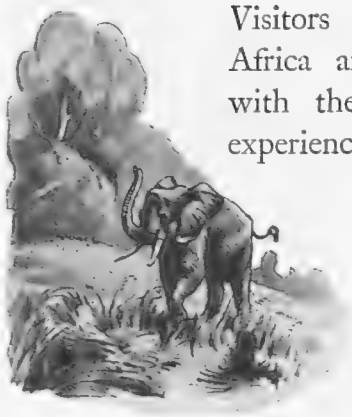
SOUTH AFRICAN

Holiday



Visitors returning from South Africa are invariably delighted with the multiplicity of new experiences they have enjoyed.

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. . it actually seemed to be raining upwards . . . .

"Jack's own first impression (of Victoria Falls), apart from a feeling of his own utter insignificance, was that he was standing upside down. It seemed as if it were raining upwards *. . . the rainbows on the spray, the pure white avalanche of the descending flood, were dazzling . . . and . . . the various shades of green of the palms, trees and ferns, the many colours of the flowers and the blue sky, made a riot of colour . . . added to which were sound and motion on a scale beyond imagining."*

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SOUTHERN RHODESIA

THE REAL AFRICA

WORLD VOYAGING

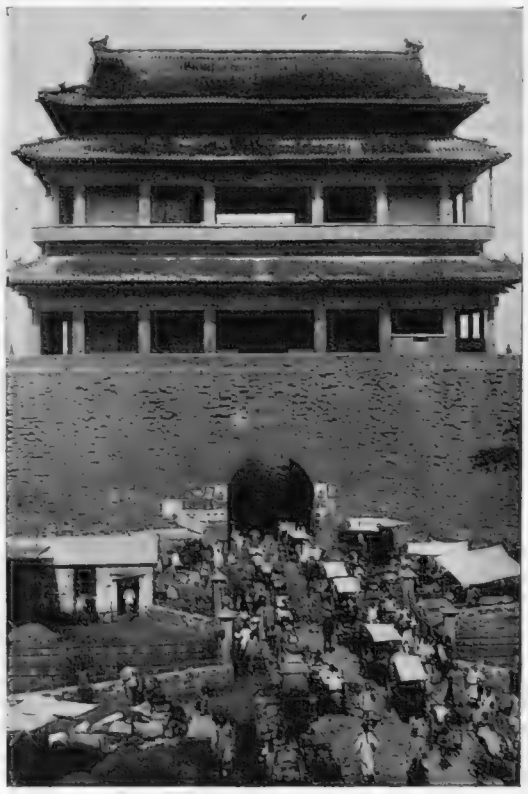
On the Track of the Cruising Liners to the Empire and the No Longer Remote Far East

WHEN THE BOAT DOCKS IN YOKOHAMA and passengers leave their floating hotel for the jinrickshas that take them round the city

THE world is becoming a smaller, if not a better place, every day. Fifty years ago nobody ever dreamed of undertaking a long journey if they could help themselves, or unless they had that overwhelming passion for discomfort which makes explorers what they are. Nowadays, however, it seems that any young man with a reasonable taste for solitude must proceed, by train, lorry, and foot to the very middle of Mongolia, before he stands a chance of indulging it.

But fortunately most of us are not made in quite that way. We can take our solitude in fairly small doses and manage to enjoy such companionship as chance may put in our way. We like a world that is small enough to move about in comfortably, yet not so small, provided you do move about, as to be really cramped. Because there are now relatively few places of any interest that cannot be reached by boat or train it does not mean that that sense of remoteness from familiar sights which is one of the most pleasing things about travel has been banished altogether. Go to Zululand, or to the foothills of the Himalayas, or to Japan's beautiful Lake Ashi, or to the Maori reserves of New Zealand (you can get to all of them quite easily) and you will still be able to feel that you have got *somewhere*. The world is becoming smaller, but it has not yet become stereotyped.

Take South Africa. All eyes were turned on Johannesburg the other day, when the great Empire Exhibition with which that city is celebrating its fiftieth birthday was opened. Fifty years ago Johannesburg was nothing but a collection of huts: now it is a very much larger collection of skyscrapers, and beautiful public gardens, and residential suburbs. An admirable place for an Empire Exhibition, because it is in itself a living symbol of the Empire's greatness. And admirable, too, because it will stimulate a whole lot of people to go to South Africa who might not have thought of it otherwise, and who, once they get there, will find that they have come to one of the most marvellous countries in the world.



A PEIPING GATEWAY

The shipping companies are arranging all sorts of tours in connection with the Exhibition, and one can say with safety that there is no part of the Union that does not offer some attraction or other to the visitor—the Cape peninsula, with its long marine drive which is said to be the most spectacular in the world; Capetown itself, a splendid city for which Table Mountain, with its ever-changing range of colours, from palest gold to deepest purple, provides a splendid background. Places like the Kruger National Park and the Drakensberg National Park offer one magnificent scenery that is free and will remain free in perpetuity, from the scars of civilisation. In these national parks (the former, situated in the north-eastern corner of the Transvaal, occupies an area rather larger than that of the whole of Wales!) there is good, simple accommodation to be obtained, and an infinite variety of fascinating expeditions to be made; they have as much to offer to the naturalist as to the mountaineer; they represent an entirely fresh approach to the problem of opening up new territories—a spirit that reveals a much more balanced sense of values than any that has prevailed hitherto—and they are something which, having seen, one can never forget.

Equally unforgettable are great wonders like the Victoria Falls and the Zimbabwe ruins, both of which are situated in Southern Rhodesia, a relatively short distance from Johannesburg. The Falls are breath-taking in their magnificence, while at Zimbabwe one finds enormous remains of a civilisation of which practically nothing is known. It is thought by some that here may have been those mines with which legend associates the name of King Solomon; by others that Phœnician or Arab traders made their stronghold here. There is much evidence for the archæologists to spin their theories by (notably, some interesting carvings in soapstone), but most of it is of a very contradictory nature, and it looks as though Zimbabwe were one of those mysteries destined for ever to remain unsolved.

And now India. Only last week the Sphere Travel Bureau dealt in an article with India, pointing out the interest of some of the more famous places, such as Delhi, Agra, Benares, and Udaipur. But India is so vast that one can only select a few names more or less at random, and little mention was made of the southern part, of places like Madura and Rameshwaram, with their magnificent Hindu temples and their lovely surroundings. Madura is perhaps the most remarkable Hindu shrine in the whole of India, although to anyone who knows the country at all, and how many Hindu shrines there are, this will seem rather a startling assertion.

If you go by boat to Colombo you can make an extremely interesting tour of Southern India and Ceylon, or, if you wish, a more extended one that will take you across the whole length of that remarkable land.

Then there is the farthest East—China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand. China cannot be called a "tourist country" in the ordinary sense; it is a country which no intelligent traveller will ever regret having seen, even if he does not penetrate very far beyond the obvious places such as Hongkong, Shanghai, or Peiping (better known to some of us as Peking). The last-named of these is the most interesting of all; it has moved less rapidly with the times than the other big cities, and its atmosphere is still that of the old Chinese Empire.

Japan is a delightful travel land, and the Japanese are doing all in their power to make it more so. The amenities of modern Western life (hotels, railways, and so on) combine oddly with the national peculiarities of Japanese tradition, but one becomes accustomed to such contrasts very quickly, and it is impossible not to appreciate the charm, courtesy, and friendliness of the Japanese.

In Australia and New Zealand, although at the other end of the earth, the visitor from home is very soon made to feel at his ease, and these great Dominions are a worthy objective for any English traveller who wants to see something of the world and the Empire. And then, when one has managed to get half way round, why not complete the job by returning home via the other half?

Richard Nowell

MARINE DRIVE: The road round Chapman's Peak, near Capetown, where the traveller sees some of the finest coastal scenery in the world

GATEWAY TO BEAUTY: Bathing girls on one of Sydney's stretches of sandy beach, where the water is inviting even in winter time

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WINTER CRUISES ON

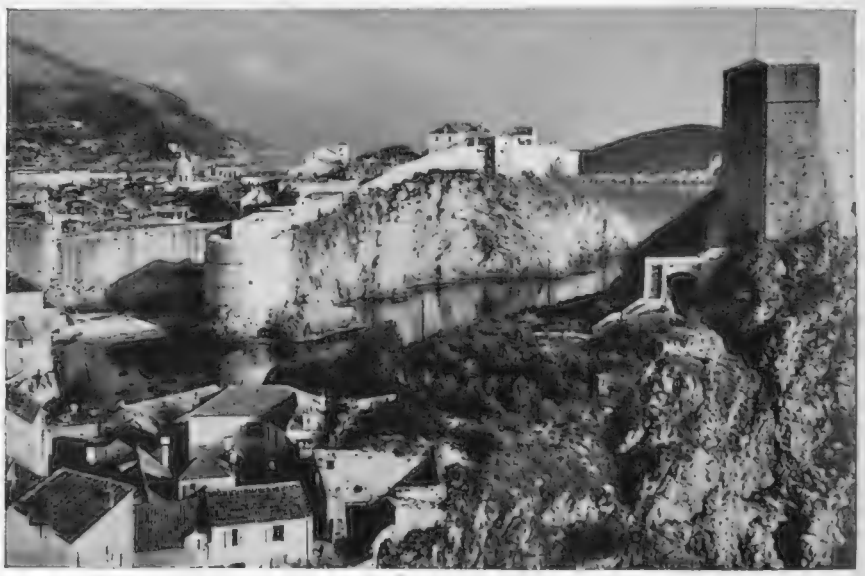
Some Places Where the

DALMATIA'S ROMANTIC COAST: The delightful seaport of Hercegnovi (formerly Castelnuovo) with its old fort commanding the entrance to the harbour. King Edward passed this way during his recent Adriatic cruising holiday

THERE are few moments to compare with that one when you stand leaning against the deck rail and watch the narrow strip of water which divides you from the quayside gradually begin to widen. With your eyes you devour every detail of the scene; the slacking off of ropes; the waving of handkerchiefs by friends left behind, friends who only five minutes ago were as large as life, but who have suddenly become rather remote, receding into the past as their figures become smaller, less easily distinguishable among the crowd, for now the space which separates you from the mainland has grown quite wide; the ship is moving forward, not just sideways. A cruise, whether long or short, cuts all one's Gordian knots!

A cruise also offers those who are in the position to avail themselves of it an incomparable way of escape from winter. And yet there are still quite a number of people who could but don't. Perhaps they are so used to spending their winters at home that the idea just has not occurred to them. Perhaps they have an unpleasant feeling about "venturing into the unknown." Perhaps they are just afraid of finding the Bay of Biscay, or the Atlantic, or wherever it may be, in a winter mood, that will make them wish they had never started. But none of these is an objection that can seriously be sustained.

The modern liner is a veritable home from home, except for the fact that all the little things that are apt to bother you in your own home immediately cease to bother you once you are aboard. As for rough seas, their fierceness is apt to be exaggerated (who has not noticed the unmistakable ring of pride in people's voices when they say, "I was the only one who really *wanted* dinner on the first evening"?), and even if sorrow should prevail for a night one can derive comfort from the assurance that it will not prevail for much longer, that inevitably "joy cometh in the morning." For sailing away from England you are sailing into sunshine.



HISTORIC DUBROVNIK: A glimpse of the old city on the Dalmatian riviera where the King spent a day of his cruising holiday. It was founded in the seventh century

Think for a moment what lovely places there are to be seen in the world. Bermuda and the West Indies, those jewel-like islands of the Caribbean Sea; the coasts of California and of South America; the South Seas—Hawaii, Honolulu, names that sound like music on one's lips—the remote East Indies, with Bali as their greatest wonder; or nearer home, flower-decked Madeira, where the winter sun shines as brightly as on an English summer's day and there is a marvellous softness in the air; Teneriffe with its towering cloud-capped peak rising majestically, and deep, luxuriant vegetation, and Las Palmas; the settlements of the West African coast, where one is on the fringe of deserts and jungles that have not yet been robbed of all their mystery; the Mediterranean, to the sound of whose gently lapping waves so many, many civilisations have risen, played out their little act of power and glory, and have fallen again, their palaces and temples gradually crumbling into dust.

A SURF BOAT OF ACCRA, which, owing to the rough and choppy seas that beat against the shores of the Gold Coast, is the only type of craft suitable for landing passengers, mails, and merchandise from visiting liners

For a short cruise of two, three, or four weeks it is obviously among some of these last-mentioned places that one's choice will lie. Spain is unfortunately

THE SEVEN SEAS

Sun is Always Shining

right off the map at present, and from all appearances is likely to remain so for some time. It is very sad, and it will be more than sad if future visitors to Granada (a favourite excursion in the happy days when cruising liners could call at Malaga) can see only a heap of ruins where the Alhambra used to be—but that is by the way.

The point to emphasise is that there are still plenty of places in the Mediterranean, apart from Spain and the Balearics, where one can go in perfect safety and enjoy oneself. All the places where the King has recently been, for instance, on the Dalmatian, Greek, and Turkish coasts. Or Cyprus (the port of call is Famagusta) where many English people choose to spend the whole winter, because it is warm and pleasant and cheap. Or Egypt: Cairo and the Pyramids are within easy reach of Port Said and Alexandria. Or the Algerian port of Philippeville, from which an extraordinarily interesting expedition may be made inland to Constantine. Or Tunis, close by which

SANTA CRUZ CATHEDRAL, TENERIFFE: This building, dating from the early sixteenth century, is of particular interest to English visitors as in one of the side chapels are two British flags captured from Lord Nelson in 1797

May, that are really calculated to excite the envy of those who are forced to stop at home. That is a way of seeing the world! That is the ideal, sybaritic existence! Events in Europe will lose much of their appearance of urgency when seen from a Florida beach; sightseeing will not strike even the most blasé passenger as something that may be enjoyed and that must anyway be endured, when the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is the object of the expedition (this can

HERE THE AGE OF SAIL LINGERS ON: Tall masts and spars still fill the harbour of Bridgetown, capital of Barbados the most easterly of the West Indian Islands

Carthage once lay, or Algiers, or Sicily's Palermo, which is reputed, and quite deservedly, to be one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. I have steamed away from it at sunset, when the mountains were a russet gold and the lights were just beginning to twinkle round the fringe of the bay, and felt that there could not possibly be anywhere more beautiful.

At the same time, it is only right to point out that the Mediterranean, as a cruising ground, is at its best during the spring, summer, and autumn months. For a short winter holiday afloat it is preferable to choose Madeira, or the Atlantic Islands, or the West Coast of Africa, or a combination of all three, with perhaps a visit to Lisbon thrown in. The possibilities of the West African coast as a part of the world that might be immensely interesting to sea-minded travellers, have only fairly recently been realised, but an increasing number of liners may be expected to make their way thither in the future, for it is proving very popular.

But it is the long winter cruises, the ones which start, for the most part, in January and February, returning in April and

be done when the liner calls on the Pacific coast). The Panama Canal, through which many cruising liners pass, is one of the greatest engineering feats of all times. "The world is so full of a number of things," said Robert Louis Stevenson (and he should have known, he saw most of it for himself). "I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings." So am I, and especially those of us who can contrive to get away for a two or three months' cruise in the early part of the year.

S. S.

RIDERS IN REVERSE: An amusing scene at the Mena gymkhana, which is held every year at Giza, in the shadow of the Pyramids, and is invariably a popular event with members of the British colony

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CITY OF SPIRES: The Church of St. Saviour, Copenhagen, with its quaint exterior staircase encircling the tower

ROUND ABOUT EUROPE

Autumn and Winter Holiday-making on the Continent

SUGGESTING places for holidays abroad is not, admittedly, quite the simple task it used to be. No one would thank you much, for instance, if you told them how nice and warm it is at Tangier during the winter, and how they would enjoy an occasional run over to Algeciras! Again, this is hardly the moment for trying to live a quiet life in Palestine, or (if you happen to be a German) for visiting Russia, or (if you happen to be a Russian) for visiting Germany. But the ordinary Englishman or woman, in search of snow, or sunshine, or good music, or just a good time, will find Europe not quite so bellicose as it sounds.

There is Paris, for instance, at present very much taken up with autumn fashions, and preparations for next year's great International Exhibition; people are also making the most of the beautiful Cézanne Exhibition in the Orangerie of the Tuileries, which has been open throughout the summer but now has only a little while longer to run. On the Riviera the season is definitely left behind, for the Monte Carlo Summer Sporting Club has at length closed its doors. But a certain number of people linger on there and it is only a very short gap (two and a half months) between the conclusion of one season and the commencement of the next. Autumn days in the South, moreover, can be particularly pleasant, if you do not mind forgoing some of the hectic pleasures of the social round. For a really quiet holiday, there is a lot to be said for the Côte des Maures which lies between Toulon and St. Raphael. Apart from Hyères, one of the longest established watering places in these parts (it is said, by the people who should know, to be very good for getting rid of rheumatism), this is the least developed stretch of coast on the whole Riviera, and in a quiet way one of the most beautiful.

Thickly wooded hills rise up almost from the beach, and one comes from time to time on ancient little towns crowning their summits rather like the hill towns of Tuscany. The main Riviera road from Aix-en-Provence to Fréjus goes through part of this country, after passing Brignoles, but few people ever seem to bother to explore it more thoroughly. In a few weeks' time, when the woods have put on their autumn colouring, it should be looking lovely.

Switzerland is just now in the middle of a "between time." The summer visitors are all gone, and the hoteliers are starting to think about winter sports. But as yet snow has fallen on the highest peaks only, and it will be some little while still before they can start prognosticating as to whether it is going to be a good season or not. Now is the moment, if one likes the quiet stability of Switzerland, the kindness of the people, the efficiency and cleanliness of the hotels, to visit Tessin, that beautiful, Italian-looking canton south of the Alps. It is a marvellous experience, coming down over the St. Gotthard, so bare and bleak, into a country where the meaning of the word "winter" seems to be unknown; you see cypresses and all sorts of late flowering shrubs, and the lakes of Lugano and Maggiore lie sparkling in the sunshine. The town of Lugano is itself a pleasant place; more sophisticated than its neighbour, Locarno, although this latter has "come on" a good deal after having the limelight of international diplomacy directed on it more or less continuously for the past ten years.

In Germany, now that the shouting and the tumult of the Olympic Games have died away, life in the big cities returns to normal, and the State-aided theatres and opera houses (an aspect of German civic organisation that foreign visitors are never tired of admiring) are well launched on their autumn programmes. Later on there will be winter sports in the highlands of Bavaria, just as there will in France, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, even in Jugoslavia—but it is too soon to start talking about that yet.

Russia has lately become a country that likes to be visited, and it offers a very wide choice of interests—you can either go north to Leningrad and Moscow, which at this period of the year are positive hives of culture, or south to Caucasus, the "Black Sea Riviera," as it used to be called a very long time ago.

The Scandinavian countries are (or very shortly will be) for the time being lost in autumn mists, but they will come into their own again at about Christmas time, Christmas being always a particularly attractive festival in the north. Winter sportsmen will be trekking to Norway; in Sweden there will be much laughter and jollity, much drinking of punch; in Copenhagen the shops, lit up against the early dusk, will tempt anyone with a liking for extravagant purchases.

Indeed, forgetting politics (or if not actually forgetting them, at any rate leaving them aside for once), Europe at the moment does not look by any means unattractive. For those who want to go farther afield there are, of course, islands of escape scattered about all over the world, some of which have been mentioned on the previous page in connection with the calls that cruising liners make. For English people, there is no doubt that Cyprus, of those which are fairly close at hand (it is not a very complicated journey; you go to Alexandria, and from there a frequent service of boats connects you) is the most obvious choice. The currency is English, the cost of living low, the society congenial. What more could one wish for than that? Malta, too, is a place where one can go for a long stay, secure in the knowledge that there will be no dearth of good company. Sea-bathing continues possible until about November, which is an encouraging thought, when one remembers what it is generally like in this country by November! Algeria and French Morocco, which are not so very far outside Europe and may therefore be legitimately included here, are also places where the same people go on enjoying themselves in the same way for months at a time during the winter—only do not go there expecting to find nothing but desert and perhaps an occasional oasis, although the desert is a background of which, in some obscure way, you are always conscious. The sun will not let you down, moreover, on the other side of the Mediterranean, whereas in Europe, no matter where you go, there is always a chance of its doing so occasionally, even in the places where one would least expect such a thing.

ST. NICHOLAS', COPENHAGEN: Another of the elegant towers which lend such distinction to this northern city

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OLD WORLD NUREMBERG: The stalls of the vegetable vendors clustered round the Neptune statue

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Where the Ocean Liners Go

Some Cruising Itineraries for the Coming Months

THE LEGACY OF GREECE: The northern side of the Parthenon as restored by M. Balanos, the eminent Greek architect, who has worked for many years on strengthening the monuments of the Acropolis

SEEING CAIRO: Being fitted with overshoes; a necessary preliminary before entering a mosque

Canadian Pacific.—Canadian Pacific are starting the coronation year off well with two extremely attractive cruises by two extremely attractive ships—the *Duchess of Richmond* and the *Empress of Britain*. The former will leave Southampton on January 19 for the West Indies, and during the course of the following forty-nine days will make calls at Madeira, Grenada, Trinidad, Panama, Jamaica, Havana, Miami, the Bahamas, Santo Domingo, Martinique, Barbados, St. Lucia, and Las Palmas. There can be no question about this being a good 90 guineas worth. The latter is doing a "Round the World" cruise, starting from Monaco on January 23. This will take 129 days, and the minimum fare is 438 guineas. It seems a lot—but look at the distance covered—first the Mediterranean, including visits to Naples, Athens, Palestine, and Egypt; then India and Ceylon, the Penang Peninsula, the Netherlands East Indies, the Philippines, China, Japan, Honolulu, San Francisco, Panama, and New York. And the *Empress of Britain* is one of the best appointed and most comfortable ships afloat.

The same company is running another West Indies cruise a little later on. The starting date is February 18. The ship is the *Duchess of Atholl*. The minimum fare is 55 guineas. The duration is thirty-two days, and the itinerary is Barbados, Trinidad, Grenada, Jamaica, Havana, and Miami. It starts from, and finishes at, Southampton.

Union-Castle. — The Union-Castle Line has recently distinguished itself by making a notable reduction in the time it takes to get to South Africa. Another aspect of the same progressive spirit is to be seen in the Tours Round Africa, on which the *Llanstephan Castle* (11,299 tons) and the *Llandovery Castle* (10,609 tons) are starting the month after next. The first of these will be going by the West Coast route, sailing from London on November 20 and calling at Teneriffe, Ascension Island, and St. Helena. The second, sailing from London six days later will make the outward voyage via the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal and return home by way of the West Coast. Fares for the round voyage are £105 1st class and £55 tourist class, there being one rate only for each class. The ships get back to England on January 27 and February 1 respectively. A good description of the voyage and of the places visited, by the way, may be found in the *South and East African Year Book and Guide*, which costs 2s. 6d.

Union-Castle is also planning some Christmas Holiday Tours to Madeira, at a special return first class fare of £20, and these are well worth looking into.

Elder Dempster. — Reverting once more to Africa, the Elder Dempster Line's arrangement for round trip tickets to the West Coast—Bathurst, Freetown, Monrovia, Takoradi, Accra, Lagos, Port Harcourt and Calabar—is one which should be brought to the attention of all prospective travellers. The round trip lasts thirty-nine days and first saloon accommodation can be obtained at rates ranging between £92 and £72, while second saloon is £58. There is a further reduction of 25 per cent. for the relatives (wives, daughters, sisters or mothers) of men who are going out to, or are already stationed in West Africa. Sailings are from Liverpool, the next one being on November 25, and subsequent ones on December 9 and 30, and January 13 and 27.

Blue Star.—The *Arandora Star's* Winter Holiday Cruise Number One is definitely a full dress affair. It lasts from January 20 till April 7, and the distance steamed will be 22,697 miles. This is the route: Southampton, Madeira, Trinidad, Cristobal (for the Panama Canal), Balboa (for Panama City), Honolulu, San Francisco (for the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite Valley), San Pedro (for Los Angeles, Hollywood, and Pasadena), Balboa and Cristobal once more, Kingston, Havana, Miami (for Palm Beach), Nassau, Barbados, Teneriffe, and home to Southampton in time to enjoy the best of the English spring (if its best should for once prove any different from its worst!). A good cruise, beyond any doubt, and people who go in the *Arandora Star* invariably enjoy themselves. Fares are from 165 guineas.

The same ship, by the way, has one more autumn cruise before then, which anybody who can snatch three weeks off in November would do well to consider. It starts from Southampton on October 31 and goes to Madeira, Las Palmas, Dakar, Sierra Leone, Teneriffe and Casablanca. The minimum fare is 35 guineas. And then there is her annual Christmas cruise to the same part of the world, which starts on December 19. This is always very popular.

Royal Mail.—Outstanding in the Royal Mail Line's list of forthcoming cruises is a very pleasant looking one at Christmas time, from December 19 until January 12. It will go to Lisbon and Teneriffe and then on to West Africa, calling, among other places, at Takoradi on the Gold Coast. Fares are upwards of forty guineas, and the ship is the *Atlantis*.

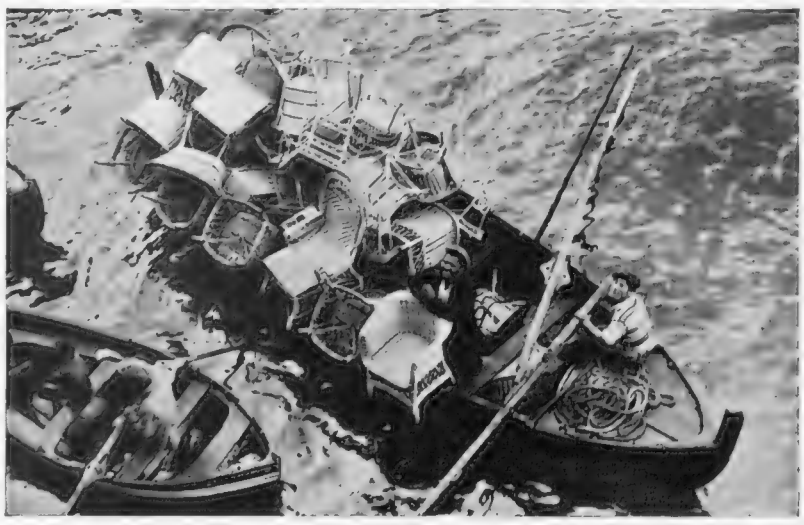
The *Atlantis*, too, will be off to the West Indies early in the New Year. She leaves Southampton on January 23 on a trip which will include visits to all the most interesting West Indian ports, as well as La Guaira and Cristobal, and which will occupy fifty-six days. The minimum fare quoted for this is 110 guineas.

Other Royal Mail news is a winter cruise by the *Almanzora*, twenty-six days, covering much the same ground as the *Atlantis* Christmas cruise. Fares are from 45 guineas.

Ellerman Lines.—As far as the Ellerman Lines are concerned, the high spot of the autumn is the maiden voyage on October 24, of their new liner the *City of Benares*. She promises to be an extraordinarily comfortable ship, and the 218 passengers who are lucky enough to get accommodation in her will be sure of an enjoyable voyage. She will operate on the Liverpool–Karachi–Bombay route, and on this maiden voyage is scheduled to reach Karachi on November 13. Her tonnage is 11,260.

It is to be noted that the Ellerman Lines also run a monthly service to South Africa. Ports of call on this are Madeira, Capetown, Port Elizabeth, East London and Lourenço Marques.

SUNSET AT ASCENSION when the gaunt outlines of the volcanic hills are silhouetted boldly against the evening sky. Some of the Union-Castle liners call at this lonely Atlantic isle on the company's "Round Africa" tours



FLOATING EMPORIUM: A chair salesman of Funchal, Madeira, offering his wares to the passengers of a cruising liner alongside which he has brought his boat. When he makes a sale the goods are hauled up to the purchaser by rope

Booth Line.—The popularity of the wonderful Booth Line cruises up the Amazon is increasing steadily as they get better known. This winter, for instance, a second ship, the *Anselm*, will be operating as well as the comfortable *Hilary*. Sailings for the coming months are as follows: the *Hilary*, October 6, December 8, February 5; the *Anselm*, December 30 and February 26. These tours go 1,000 miles up the Amazon to Manaos, and make calls also at Lisbon and Madeira. Fares are £75, £80, and £85, and the time taken is seven weeks.

Thos. Cook.—The travel service provided by Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd. has long been appreciated for its remarkable comprehensiveness. One feature of it, however, that does not perhaps get all the appreciation it deserves, is the admirable literature of travel which they produce. For instance, their new booklet *Winter Sunshine Overseas and Around the World*, will be invaluable to anybody who wants to review, with an open mind, the full range of possibilities that its title suggests. Then again, there is a helpful *Chronological List of Pleasure Cruises, 1936-7*, quite apart from their regular publication, *The Traveller's Gazette*, which appears every month and costs 3d. It has good photographs and contains a lot of useful information.

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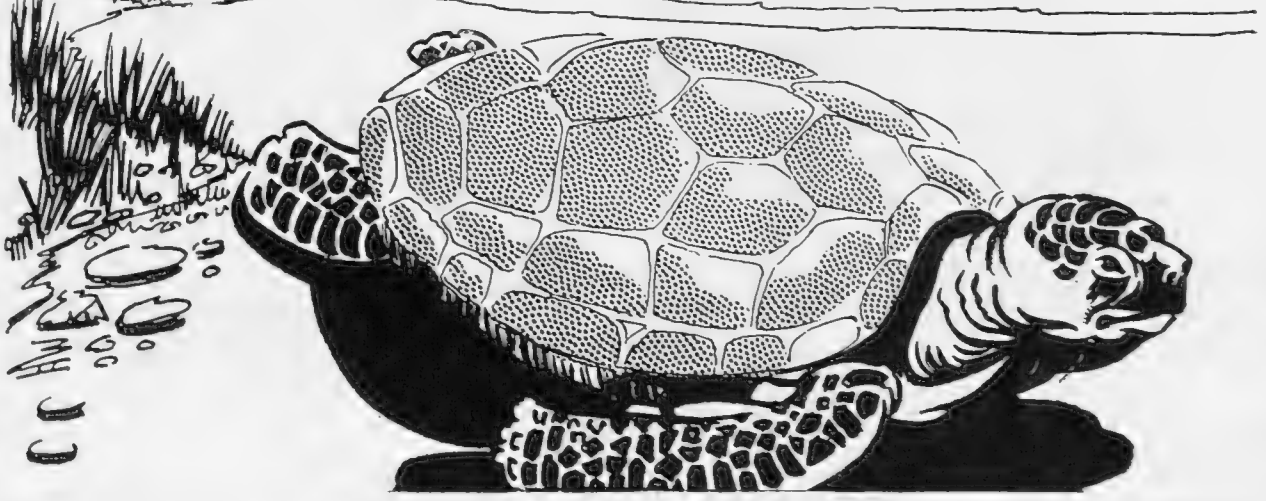

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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In Quest of

The "Prince" at Southport that Evidence

THE other day I had an unexpected "poser" put to me and in true Parliamentary style I demanded written notice of the question so that I could give a studied reply. For the question was which hotel in the country did I think collected per annum the most interesting autographs in its visitors' register.

Obviously such a question can only be answered in a general way. I have to be careful not to tread on any corns!

If I were to consider London alone, I should reply without any intention of placing them in order of importance Claridge's, the Savoy, Dorchester, Ritz, Grosvenor House, and others. The question can thus be answered, as regards London, quite satisfactorily. But the real difficulty comes in excluding London and selecting an hotel in the provinces. For there are so many degrees of hotels, so many with short seasons such as Gleneagles, others quite small but exclusive ones which draw people at certain times of the year for shooting, fishing, and so on. But if an answer is demanded of me, and I am nailed down to name one hotel, I will give you the answer and my reasons.

The hotel I nominate is the Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport. Here is an hotel which has the advantage of having a fifty-two week season per annum. The "Prince," as it is popularly known locally, benefits from the activities of a municipality which is munificent in the attractions she offers her residents and visitors at all times of the year.

Have you ever picked up your daily paper without finding some mention of Southport? Perhaps it is the Amateur or Professional Golf Championship, the Southport Flower Show (second only to Chelsea), a conference of some national body, motor racing, horse racing at Manchester, Haydock Park, and of terrific importance to the "Prince" the Grand National at Aintree.

So you will appreciate there is considerable soundness in my selecting the Prince of Wales, Southport. World famous men and women stay there in Grand National week. Leaders in the world of other sports make the "Prince" their headquarters for Southport's annual and national contests.

Captains of industry, Government heads, and leaders in every phase of life sign their names in the visitors' register at some time or other during the year, either attending annual conferences—for which the "Prince" is almost always the headquarters hotel—or visiting Southport for some other business, professional, or even pleasure.

Personally whenever I hear of any one here in the south bemoaning their fate that business necessitates their going up to Manchester, Liverpool, or any of the other manufacturing towns of Lancashire I say "Why not stay each night at the Prince of Wales,

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f Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

or An Hotel with a Register
ce Popularity

Southport. It is a clean, sunny town with plenty of life and you will find the 'Prince' very comfortable."

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They go all out at times such as Christmas to make the season a really merry one, and in consequence they are full each year, and have to refuse as many again as they can take.

Apart from people actually staying in the hotel the "Prince" is the social centre of Southport, and we might almost say Lancashire. When hoteliers tell me they cannot run a regular Saturday night dance I refer them to the "Prince," where Saturday night dances are as popular to-day as they were when they were first started years ago. It may be that this article will be read by someone who is just wondering how to spend a few days this autumn. My advice to them is to go to Southport with a bag of golf clubs, a tennis racquet, and a dinner jacket. Introduce yourself to Mr. H. Gascoigne, who is the chairman and managing director of the "Prince" and is as much a part of the hotel as the hotel is of Southport. Tell him you want to make the most of Southport and I assure you, for Southport is a hospitable town, they will make the most of you.

There is only one thing I regret when I write about the "Prince," and that is I have no shares in the company who run it and its sister hotel the "Royal" on the Promenade, for judging by the annual balance sheet its shareholders ought to be very happy people!

Nor will the weather let you down. In spite of the reputation Lancashire has for damp weather, which may be all very well for cotton but not for cotton dresses, Southport and the immediate neighbourhood enjoy a sunshine record which compares favourably with southern towns, and has facts and figures to prove that the air is pure and quite unadulterated by the soot from which manufacturing towns suffer. Fog is rare, snow is almost unknown, and when it does rain the municipal authorities of Southport have made arrangements with the clerk of the weather that it rains mostly at night when all good people are asleep.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel

BELGIUM'S DEFENCE DILEMMA

(Continued from page 490)

very first; and as the outposts fell back, a great scheme of destruction would go into operation—roads, bridges, cliffs, houses, railways, everything imaginable blown up. This destruction scheme would be costly, and it should not be depended on to stay the assailant in an exaggerated degree. But the essential would be that the bulk of the army would not be encountered by the invader until he reached the Meuse. Then the Belgian defensive strength *would* be encountered.

After all, it does not follow that the best defensive positions are near the frontier. It is a pity, a tragic pity, but would it not be worse if the frontier country were bitterly contested i.e., ravaged?

Final recommendations are for a prolongation of military service to varying spells of 18, 16, 14 months, according to the arm involved; and for a hot-foot application to all scientific and mechanical ways and means of holding off that possible crash-through one *grand soir*. And may not this second recommendation some day prove itself of greater service than the first, related, however distantly, to all the manpower-by-the-million mania by which we have lately been beset? May not Defence Minister Daladier's be the wiser way: to go full steam ahead with the *things* with which men are pleased to murder one another, rather than drum up ever vaster drafts of cannon-fodder?

How Hitler, how Mussolini with his 8,000,000 ever-readies, how each with his fantastic conjuring of mailed-fist expenditure from nowhere, how they must lean back and laugh at the attempts of some of the democratic lands to militarise themselves; to secure an extra £800,000 for an extra 11,500 men. And all done in a public confessional, as it were.

ENCOURAGING THE HERRING INDUSTRY: Mr. Charles Sykes (left), the sculptor, Madame Prunier of restaurant fame, and Sir William Crawford pictured beside the Prunier Trophy after it had been unveiled last Sunday. It is carved from Purbeck marble and is being offered for competition annually among herring fishermen for the largest single catch made during the autumn fishing season

GERMANY THINKS AGAIN IN TERMS OF EMPIRE

(Continued from page 494)

South West Africa, formerly German South West Africa, has a European population of 19,000, of whom nearly 8,000 are Germans. The country by no means shows a profit, and it already owes nearly £2,500,000 to the Union Government since 1926. The possibilities of exploiting the mineral wealth are, however, much more considerable here. Setting aside the diamond mines, which reached a maximum output of over £1,500,000 in 1929, you have a certain amount of gold mining, and a suddenly expanded market in coppermatte; there are also tin concentrates, vanadium concentrates, and tungsten.

We now come to the Cameroons under French mandate. The revenue has sunk from 88,000,000 francs in 1929 to 57,000,000 francs in the last recorded year, still showing, however, a profit of 2,000,000 francs. That section of the Cameroons under the British mandate covers an area of 34,000 square miles. The total deficit up to last year was £750,000. There are no mines in the Cameroons Province, though a syndicate has received prior permission to win gold in one district, and is starting work.

French Togoland has a white population of 193. The revenue last year was only 27,000,000 francs. That part of Togoland under the British mandate comprises an area of 13,000 square miles. The total value of the exports in 1935 were only £127,000, nine-tenths of which came from cocoa. There are no mines in the area, though it was proposed to examine parts of the country this year. So here again Herr Hitler would not find his appetite for raw materials satisfied in any way.

We now leave Africa and examine the possible values of the other former German possessions in the Pacific. Those now controlled by Japan include the Manana, Caroline, and Marshall Islands. The largest island is Saipan. The exports are chiefly sugar and copra, but their total exports only reach a value of 18,000,000 yen, which is not very much.

Nauru is controlled by Australia. The area is about 5,400 acres, of which over 4,000 are phosphate-bearing, the remainder being coconut land. The workers are largely Chinese. Nauru is in the happy position of having no national debt. On the other hand, its revenue from outside sources is nil. The total population is fewer than 3,000, of whom 158 are Europeans.

That part of New Guinea which has passed from German control will have produced over £2,000,000 of bullion (gold and silver) during 1936, if the increase in 1935 over the previous year is a guide. The white population of 1,500 includes only fifty-five Germans, the vast majority being British. The total value of exports this year will probably reach £3,000,000 in view of the increased output of gold.

That in brief is the sum total of the former German colonies.

PEG WOFFINGTON'S CHURCH RESTORED

(Continued from page 496)

without it. The galleries and spacious box pews were removed last century and replaced by closely placed benches. In its early days the church was frequently visited by Royal residents at Hampton Court Palace, and the Royal coat-of-arms now above the door (formerly on the gallery front) is believed to mark the patronage of Queen Adelaide.

Among the many notable people commemorated in the church is Margaret Woffington, the actress, who lived at Udney House and was a sort of "lady bountiful" to the village. She built the houses near the church, now known as "Peg Woffington's Cottage," as almshouses. Others are—Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Charles II (died 1674); Henry Flitcroft, architect of St. Olave's, Southwark, and St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square (died 1769); and John Walter, founder of *The Times* (died 1812).

D. L. Macnie

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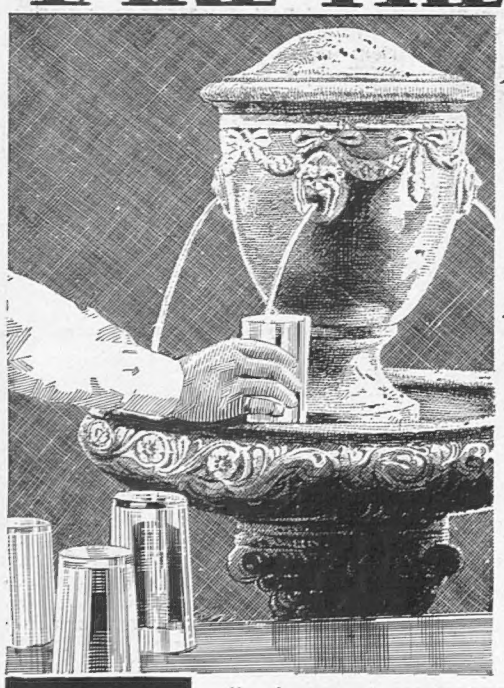

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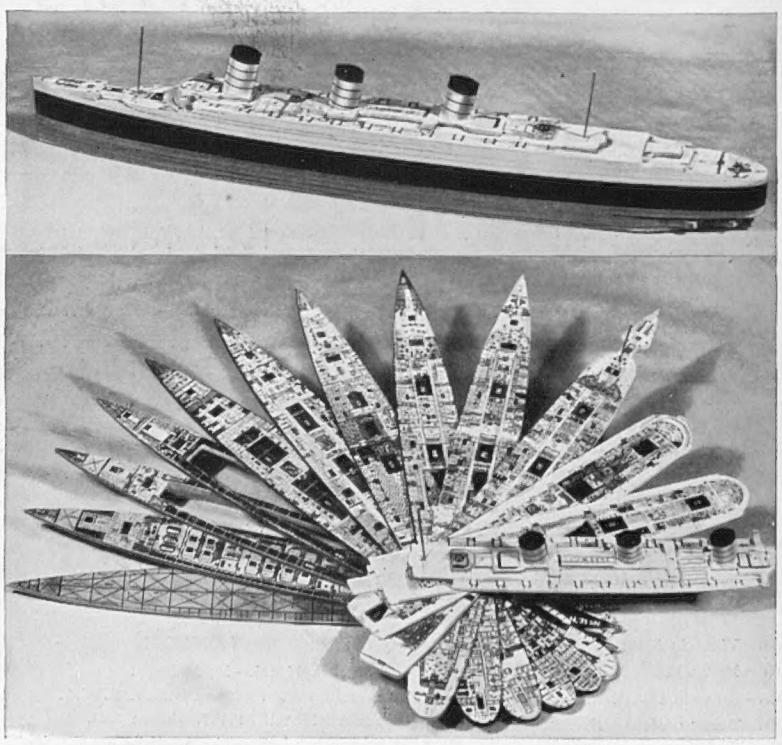

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